

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE
MACLEAN'S

October 1, 1950

Ten Cents

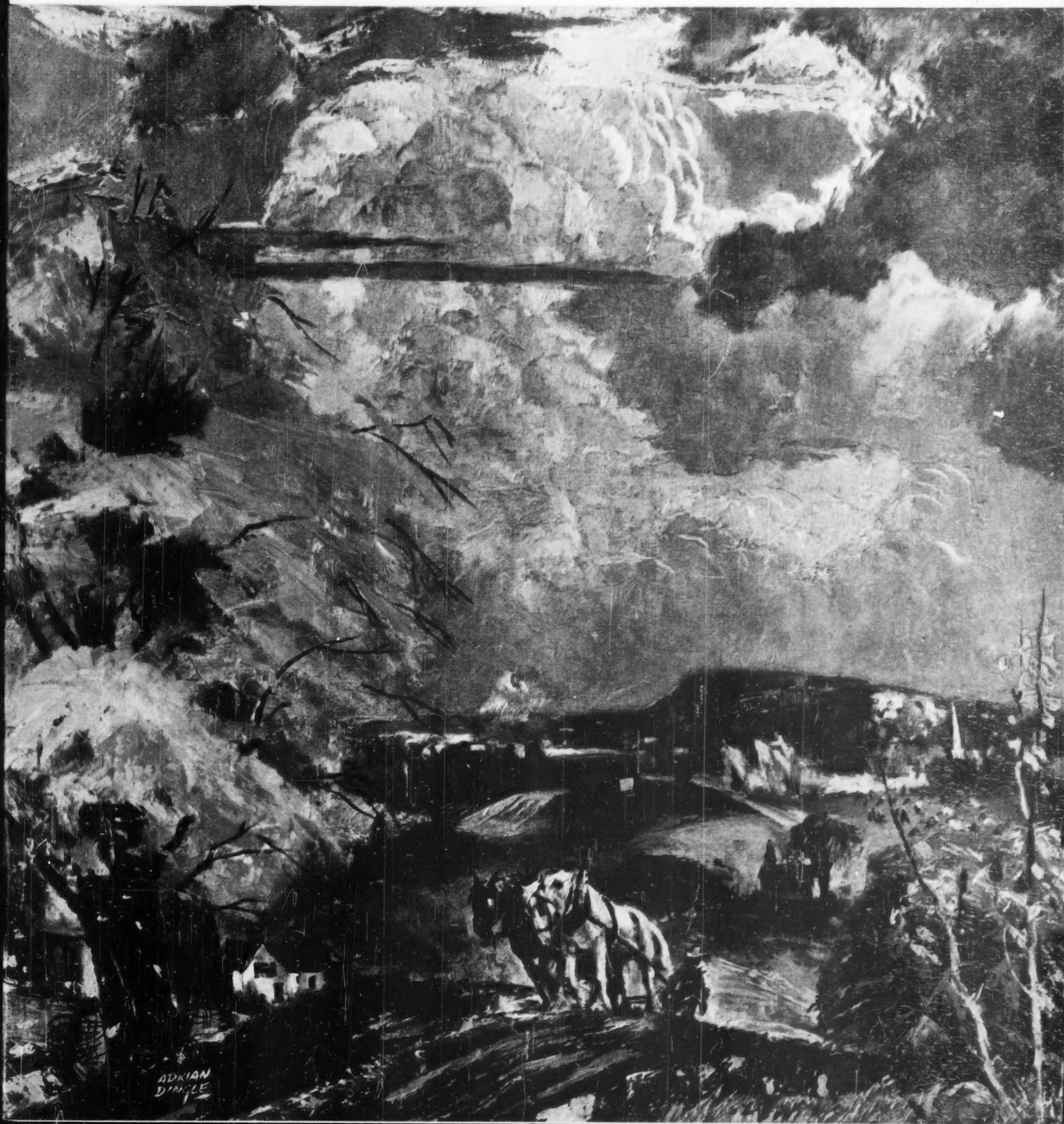
Beginning in this Issue —

DON'T CALL ME BABY FACE

Jimmy McLarnin's Own Story

I'M GLAD I HAD POLIO

Who Should Handle the Family's Money?





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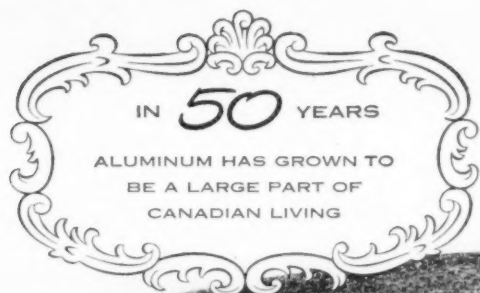
ALL NEW, ALL PROVED

INTERNATIONAL



TRUCKS

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED • HAMILTON, ONTARIO



Arvida, Que. — Mind's-eye view, 1925



Arvida — my home, 1950

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"You see, an engineer's dream has added a city to Canada — a place where 12,000 people like me live and work and enjoy ourselves. My neighbours who have lived in other places tell me this is the nicest city in Canada. Certainly I wouldn't want to live anywhere else."

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Weston's

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GEORGE WESTON LIMITED...CANADA

EDITORIALS

Memo to Labor: Even a Windmill Can Hit Back

THE railway strike was a tragic illustration of trade unionism's most tragic error.

Organized labor seems unable to realize that it has already won the so-called "class war." With its old adversary, the absolute free-wheeling capitalist, licked to a pulp, labor has been finding itself more and more in the position of a man who's all dressed up with no place to go. So it's invented a brand-new kind of class war. In this new war the foe of the striking union man is not the squire on the hill, but the union man's next-door neighbor—who may be a union man too.

Except in rare and minor instances, capital has nothing left to yield to labor. With wages and taxes still going up and working hours going down, the businessman or industrialist seldom has the power to grant fresh wage increases out of his existing margins of profit. When his payroll rises he has no alternative but to raise the price of the goods or services he is selling.

It is difficult, and probably pointless, to single out any one group—whether it be within the ranks of labor, of capital, or of government—and attempt to saddle it with the whole responsibility for the senseless cycle of increases from wages to prices to wages and back again to prices. From what we know about comparative earnings we're inclined to think that Canada's railwaymen had a good case in their fight for higher pay. Their special culpability was not that they asked for more, but that they were offered a great deal more and still chose to cripple the nation's whole economy by striking over a differential of as little as one cent an hour. By that special act of irresponsibility some special surrender of their special power to hurt the nation became inevitable.

In the terms on which it ordered the railmen back to work Parliament showed great restraint—though timidity might be a better word. In similar circumstances another parliament might do a better job of interpreting the temper and the wishes of the people it represents.

But it is not only the railway unions which need to re-examine both their feasible objectives and the nature of the "enemy." Try though labor leaders will to create the illusion that this is the same old war between the man at the end of a pick and the man at the end of a two-dollar Corona-Corona, it's not that kind of war at all. It is at least partly a war of labor against labor itself. A steel union demands higher wages and the price of cars goes up. Bricklayers discover that cars are costing more; they demand higher wages in turn and the cost of a house goes up. Railwaymen find their homes are costing more; their wage demands increase freight rates and food goes up. A union in a key industry strikes, crippling industry at large; and for every dollar that union gains, members of other unions forfeit several dollars in lost wages.

If this sounds so elementary as to be an insult to the reader's intelligence we apologize. It still, apparently, isn't elementary enough to impress the latter-day Quixotes who have gained control of some of Canada's trade unions. In all seriousness we suggest that before they weary of tilting at windmills they reread their Cervantes. It's our recollection that if you crowd it too much even a windmill will hit back.

MACLEAN'S

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

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You'll be delighted to see how quickly ugly flakes and scales begin to disappear . . . how readily itching is alleviated. Your scalp feels so clean, so cool, so healthy. And your hair looks the way it should.

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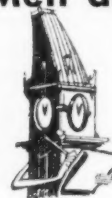
MADE IN CANADA

BACKSTAGE AT OTTAWA

Eleven Men at Quebec

By **BLAIR FRASER**

Maclean's Ottawa Editor



the legal ministers covered the whole act and they disposed of most of its 147 sections.

To some observers the most impressive thing about this

IN SPITE of the dismal batting average of previous federal - provincial conferences (approximately .000) 10 premiers and the prime minister of Canada are sitting down in Quebec City this week with lively hope of success. Apparently there's a real chance of working out a way to amend our own constitution.

A lot of the spadework has already been done at two earlier meetings. Last January, you may remember, the premiers themselves got as far as the definition of certain categories. Some sections, it was agreed, were of purely federal interest—no small concession from Premier Duplessis, of Quebec, who regards Confederation as a pact among the provinces. Others were of purely provincial interest. Still others, though they affect both parties, were admitted to be of secondary importance and therefore, presumably, could be amended by some formula of majority vote. Finally there were the "entrenched clauses"—fundamental provincial rights that could only be touched by unanimous agreement.

The job of sorting out the actual sections of the British North America Act into these categories the premiers left to their attorneys-general, who met with the Minister of Justice, Hon. Stuart Garson, a month or so ago. Which clauses would be "entrenched" and which relegated to the minor pigeonholes? In three days

recent conference was the way delegates had done their homework. For the first time in the recent history of federal-provincial relations everybody at the conference table seemed to know what he was talking about. It turned out, as a result, that a number of the disagreements of last January simply evaporated—provinces found they weren't as far apart as they'd thought.

THE OTHER cheering change was the atmosphere. No tempers were lost, no attitudes struck. All 11 delegations appeared to be equally anxious to get the job done and all discussions centred on the business in hand. Of course there were disagreements, some of them fundamental and unresolved. But at least, as one delegate put it, "they're real disagreements—we know now exactly what we're disagreeing about."

The conference was private and its decisions are still secret, but the secrecy was merely technical. Each attorney-general had to report back to his own government and therefore couldn't reveal the positions he had taken. But Stuart Garson, speaking to a friend after the conference ended, remarked, "I wish the meetings could have been broadcast. They'd have given a far better impression of Continued on page 55



Cartoon by Grassick

By staying out Ontario and Quebec save Ottawa money.



EHRENBURG: The Voice of Stalingrad at Nelson's feet.

LONDON LETTER by BEVERLEY BAXTER

Has Russia Really Got The Bomb?

TWELVE years ago our thoughts were dominated day and night by Hitler's Germany. Was this Chaplinesque figure who had risen to supreme dictatorial power a mountain or a mountebank? Did he mean war or would he just stop short of it? Would he choose peace for his place in history or would he, like the emperors before him, try to build his monument on the corpses of the young?

The Western world was strong enough to crush Hitler but the nations were not united; once more democracies proved that they could not bring themselves to fight a preventive war. As a student of foreign affairs put it at the time, "The temperature of the democracies is too low for action."

Schoolboys are taught that history does not repeat itself, but nothing is farther from the truth. No club bore holding forth to his helpless victims is more given to repetition.

Here we are today after little more than a decade trying to read the riddle of the Kremlin. Will Stalin choose peace or will he choose war? Will he learn from the fate of Napoleon, the Kaiser and Hitler or will he also try to build his immortality on the crucifixion of the young?

In some regards the Russian is harder to understand than the Prussian. At least we had contacts with the Germans right up to the declaration of war on Poland and there was free intercourse between Germany and Britain for those who wanted to study the situation at first hand. But the only visitor who can go from here to Moscow is someone who is

strictly sponsored by the Russian Government or one of its tame societies, and in the realm of diplomacy the two embassies are nothing more than stockades built in no man's land.

Since we are trying to paint an accurate historical picture let me state that there is no ban on Russian tourists coming to Britain, but the Kremlin does not approve of its citizens looking upon the awful decadence of the Western world lest they should be seduced by the painted hussy and fail to return to their earthly paradise. Until a month ago I had met no Russian in London since the party of M.P.s that came from Moscow three years ago.

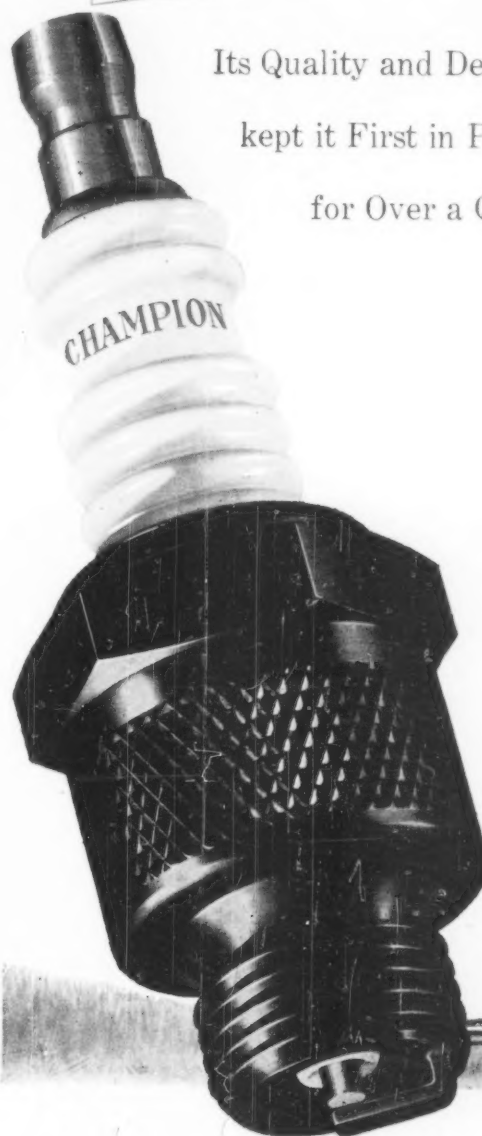
Which brings me to that interesting figure, Ilya Ehrenburg. It was with much interest that I read in the newspapers that he had arrived in London on a cultural mission from Moscow. The British are not very fond of the word culture, preferring the lazier and less self-conscious word "civilization," but they were intrigued that at such a time the Kremlin should show so much interest in the arts.

Ehrenburg lived for some years in Paris between the wars and established some reputation as a dramatist and essayist, but it was during the defense of Stalingrad that he first attracted the world's attention. Every day on the radio his voice rang out with the words: "Death to the Invader!" He inflamed the defenders to a superhuman bravery and ferocity with his dynamic eloquence. Subsequently he became a war

Continued on page 52

CHAMPION

Its Quality and Dependability have
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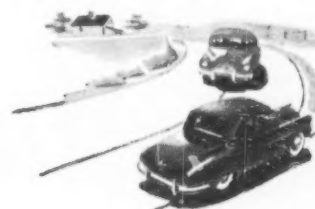


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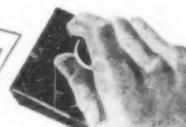


It's against the law, discourteous and downright dangerous not to dim or depress your lights. Good manners dictate dimming your lights first!



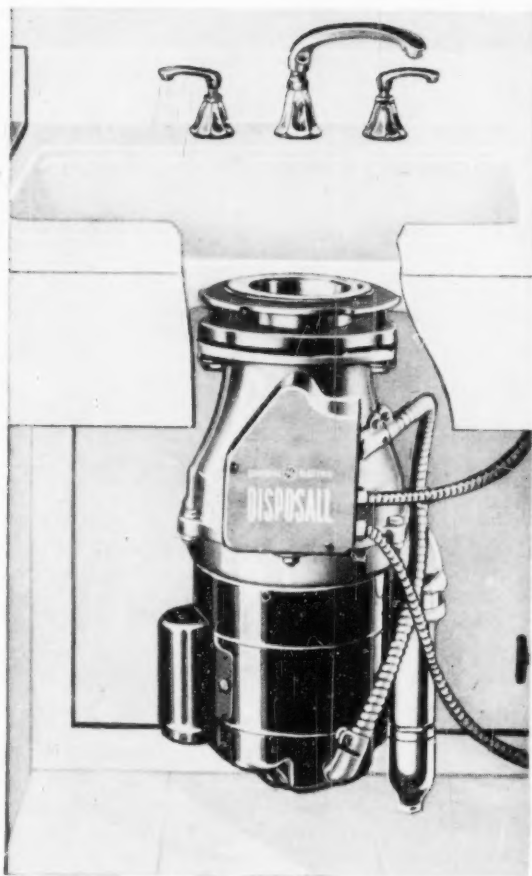
The driver who hogs the road by straddling the centre highway line is a public menace. Common courtesy will prevent accidents here, as elsewhere.

Champion drivers keep their cars in tip-top shape by having their spark plugs checked regularly, and insisting on Champions when new ones are needed.



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the drain
with
food waste**



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GENERAL ELECTRIC FOOD-WASTE DISPOSALL

No more soggy, unpleasant garbage to wrap and handle . . . no more wet and dripping food waste to carry out to the garbage can! This labour-saving electric servant for your kitchen sink simplifies garbage disposal by removing food waste accumulated during meal preparation: vegetable parings, egg shells . . . meal left-overs: bones, fruit pits, rinds, all softer food materials . . . paper wrappings, cigarette stubs, similar refuse. The G-E Disposall—which cleans itself and remains odour-free—shreds this waste into tiny particles, carries it down the drain. Enjoy this new convenience and sanitation. See the Food-waste Disposall at your neighbourhood G-E Dealer.



1. Put all your food wastes of the kinds outlined above into the sink drain opening.



2. Place Safety Twistop cover on—then twist it to ON position to seal the mechanism.



3. Turn on cold water tap. G-E Disposall automatically shreds waste, carries it down drain.

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Head Office: Toronto . . . Sales Offices from Coast to Coast

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE
MACLEAN'S

EXCLUSIVE

THIRTY years ago a 12-year-old newsboy and a 47-year-old stevedore half crippled by wounds of World War I met for the first time on a quiet residential street in Vancouver.

Thus began the irresistible career which was to make James McLarnin one of the greatest, most colorful and most successful boxers of all time and to make his remarkable partnership with Charles ("Pop") Foster one of the living legends of sport.

Four years later, when McLarnin was 16, they left Vancouver broke and almost unknown. For a time they went hungry. But in the next 13 years, with Foster acting as his manager, teacher and best friend, the boy they called Baby Face Jimmy McLarnin met and defeated a total of 13 world champions — reigning, past or to-be. He became a world champion himself and this spring was elected to the ring's Hall of Fame to join a circle of only 14 men with names like John L. Sullivan, James J. Corbett, Bob Fitzsimmons, James J. Jeffries, Jack Dempsey, Joe Louis.

McLarnin retired in 1936 when he was still close to the peak of his fame and after he and Foster had become financially independent. Today, still close friends and close neighbors, both are living in suburban Los Angeles.

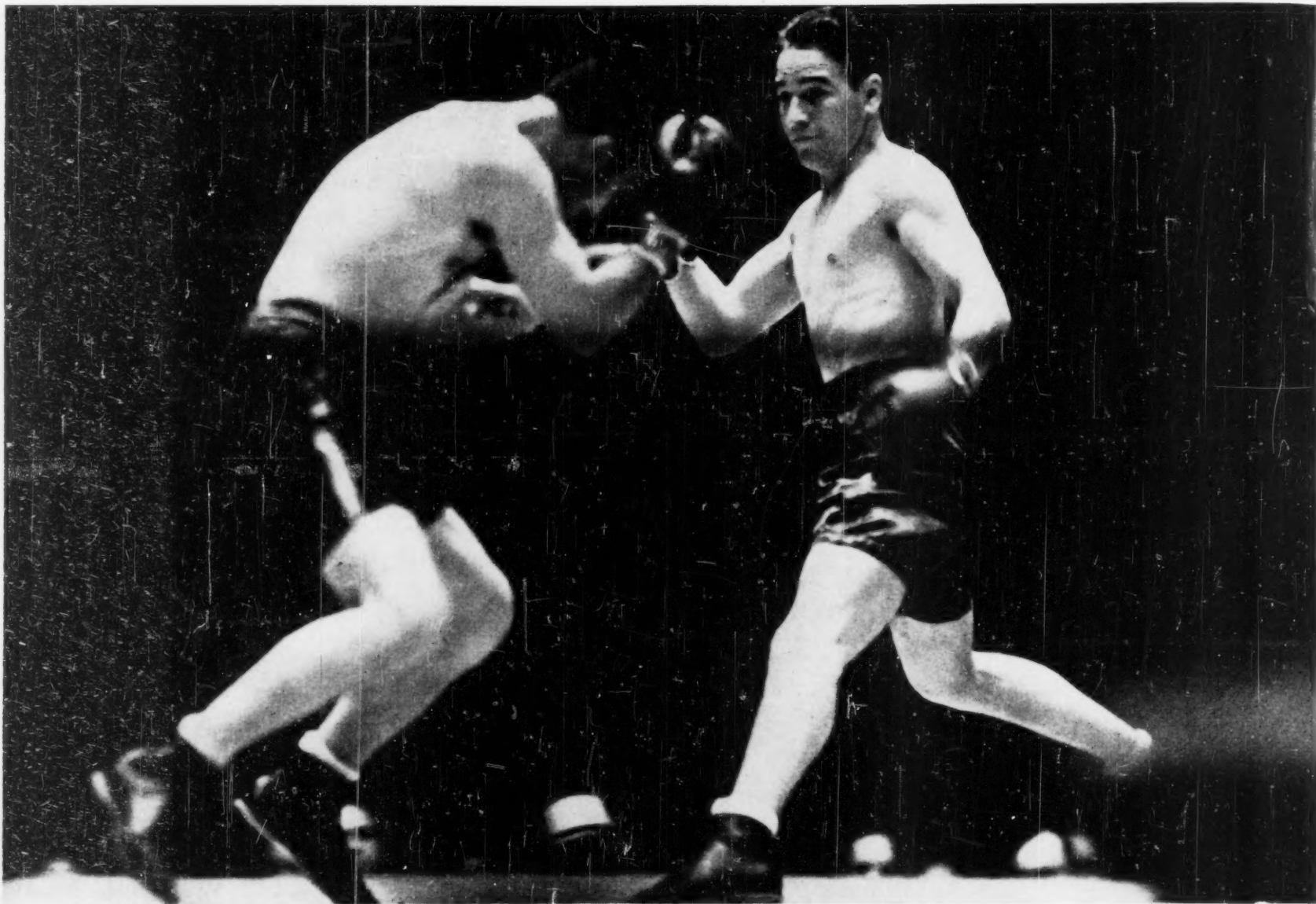
In this series of five articles prepared exclusively for Maclean's Jimmy McLarnin for the first time tells of the struggle to the top, of how some of the most spectacular and dramatic fights in the history of boxing looked and felt from inside the ring. Turn the page to start his story.—The Editors.



The fighting face of McLarnin. His boyish good looks and man-sized punch made him an idol. SAN FRANCISCO NEWS

DON'T CALL ME BABY FACE

Jimmy McLarnin Tells His Life Story to Ralph Allen



After taking a beating from Billy Petrolle (the "Fargo Express"), McLarnin (right) learned that you box a slugger and then he turned the tables twice.

DON'T CALL ME BABY FACE — PART ONE

This Vancouver newsboy gave no mercy and expected none as he battered his way to a championship of the world and into the Hall of Fame. He retired at 29 with a family and a fortune

WHEN I was fighting I gave the job everything I had. I trained hard and fought hard. After my winning fights, which outnumbered my losing fights 63 to 10, I would turn a handspring in the ring and come up grinning while Pop Foster, my manager and best friend, wrapped me up in an emerald dressing gown decorated with a golden harp. Then I'd head up the aisle behind a cordon of grinning Irish cops and, if the fight had happened to be a real good one, those wonderfully emotional Irish fight fans who used to come to my fights would break through the cops and carry me to the dressing room on their shoulders.

I was very lucky. I made close to half a million dollars out of my fights and saved most of it. In my last fight I beat the lightweight champion of the world and when I retired at 29 the only mark

on me was a big ridge of bone across the back of my right hand, the result of hitting too many other fighters too hard.

Because of these things people often come up to me and say, "Don't you miss it, Jimmy?" I try to give them an honest answer. I say: "No."

"Quit kidding," the other person often says. "I used to see you and you loved every minute of it."

"No," I say, "I didn't love it at all. I didn't even like it. It was strictly business."

I seldom go into details. It's not fair to expect anyone who hasn't been through it himself to understand what it is necessary to do to succeed as a professional boxer. For some the formula has come easier than it came to me. But I am sure it never came really easy to anybody.

I didn't start earning my livelihood as a boxer

until I was 16 years old, but boxing was my business from the time I was 12. I had nothing to start with except a quick wiry pair of legs and Pop Foster's promise that he would make me a champion of the world if I would do what he told me to. When I was 26 Pop made the promise come true. It was a happy moment for both of us, and there had been many, many happy moments in the 14 years that came between. But no one but Pop and I can know how long those years were.

Later I'm going to talk about Pop's long struggle to make a boxer of me, to keep both of us eating, honest and ambitious while I learned the painful lesson that if I was going to make boxing my life there wasn't going to be room in my life for much of anything else.

But let's look first at the high spots—the times

after we'd arrived, when the years of hunger were paying off and the money had started coming fast and big.

Every time I read about the glamour attached to the prize ring in general and the career of Jimmy McLarnin in particular I think about my fights with Billy Petrolle. I fought Petrolle three times between Nov. 21, 1930, and Aug. 20, 1931. The first two fights were in Madison Square Garden in New York, and the third was in Yankee Stadium.

At that time Billy was a heavy lightweight and I was a light welterweight, meaning that I was fighting at around 141 pounds and he was fighting at around 138 or 139. I was riding a two-year winning streak and, though I hadn't yet won the title, I had beaten most of the good fighters in and near my class and for nearly two years I had been ranked unofficially as the best welterweight in the world.

Petrolle wasn't the best fighter I ever fought, but I never fought anybody gamier or tougher. He was better than an ordinary boxer, could hit very hard with either hand and he had as much heart as anybody has a right to have. He was a busy, bustling fighter who liked to work at close quarters, and they called him the Fargo Express.

I spent two months training for the first fight and all through the training there was never the slightest doubt in my mind or Pop's about the kind of fight I ought to make. If Pop's 77 years were added to my 42 there still wouldn't be enough years for Pop to teach me all he knows about fighting. But by now I fully understood the first rule at least: "Box a fighter and fight a boxer."

Pop had done his best to make me both a fighter and a boxer, so that no matter what type of opponent I was in against I had—in theory at least—the power to force my opponent into the kind of bout in which his natural style and talents would be of least use to him. In our book Billy Petrolle was a fighter. Pop's instructions were to stay away from him at first, to wear him down gradually and then, if I could, to knock him out.

The night of the first Petrolle fight I tried to cheat on Pop a little. I'd knocked out four of my last eight opponents—none of them pushovers—in three rounds or less. Somewhere between the time I got up from my stool and the moment when Petrolle and I met in the middle of the ring I got

the idea that there couldn't be any harm in making just one quick tentative try for the fast knockout against him. If it didn't work, okay, I could forget about it. I still wouldn't be committed to making Petrolle's kind of fight. I could still box him.

So all through the first round I was watching for the kind of knockout situation which best suited my way of fighting. I say that I was looking for a knockout situation, rather than for a knockout, because the distinction is important. During my years in the ring I was often credited with one-punch knockouts. But I never knocked a man out with one punch in my life and if I had I'd have been thoroughly ashamed of myself. A fighter who knows his business doesn't try for one-punch knockouts. Unless you're boxing an out-and-out ham the absolute minimum for a scientific knockout is two punches—one to create the situation and one to create the knockout.

The cleanest and safest way I knew to go after a quick knockout was this:

I would feint in the hope of drawing the other man's lead. In the same instant I would drop into a crouch and try to duck under his lead and dig a left hand into his liver. A good hard punch down there will run right up inside a man's body and down his arms and for an instant the feeling is as though somebody's pulling out his fingernails with hot pliers. He will drop his hands, partly because he doesn't want to get hit in the liver again and partly because his hands have grown dead and heavy.

Then, when you see his hands coming down, it's soon enough to try for your knockout. Maybe you get it in the next split second with a right cross to the chin and maybe you never get it at all. But if you follow the general rules—don't try to finish him before you've hurt him, bring his hands down before you try to bring him down—you are at least fighting like a professional who understands his profession.

I didn't get a chance to bring Billy Petrolle's



Pop Foster and his boy in 1928. The oldtime booth fighter promised the kid a world title. After 14 years they got it.

hands down in the first round. It was a fast round, not too tough, about even I think. "Keep boxing him," Pop said, in the corner. "Sure," I said. That was what I meant to do, but I still had this other idea in the back of my mind. After all, I was a 7-to-1 favorite. Billy still hadn't shown me anything to suggest that, even at that price, I was an overlay.

Early in the second round I spun Billy a little with a left to the ribs and I saw what I thought was an opening to his jaw. You don't get time to reason these things out, of course, but after you've had 50 or 80 or 100 fights your decisions, quick as they have to be, do have reasons behind them. Billy was still carrying his left nice and high, but I thought I could come over it with a right to the jaw. The right I threw was as hard a punch as I ever threw. Because Billy's left was still well up the punch had to start a little high. Billy started to duck as it landed. It caught him on the top of the head and it broke my hand.

I don't know how the top of Petrolle's head felt but I thought the top of my head was coming off. Pain shot up my right arm from the broken hand and exploded right above my eyes and for a moment I couldn't see anything but a white-hot blur. Then I pulled Billy into a clinch and by the time Patsy Haley, the referee, had pulled us apart I was all right again.

I'd broken the same hand in each of two earlier fights and I recognized what had happened from the way it felt. I'd managed to win both of those other fights and I still thought I was going to be able to win this one. As the X-rays showed later, this particular punch had broken the thumb in addition to rebreaking the old fractures on the back of the hand. But once the first stab of pain was over it didn't feel too bad. Billy hit me two or three hard lefts and a solid right before the round ended, but I was in pretty good shape when I went back to the corner. I knew I was in trouble, but I didn't think it was serious trouble.

Petrolle's best punch was a looping left hook. He chunked three or four good ones off my jaw in the third. I kept moving around, stepping in with my left whenever I got a chance and keeping my right cocked so he wouldn't know anything was wrong. He won the round.

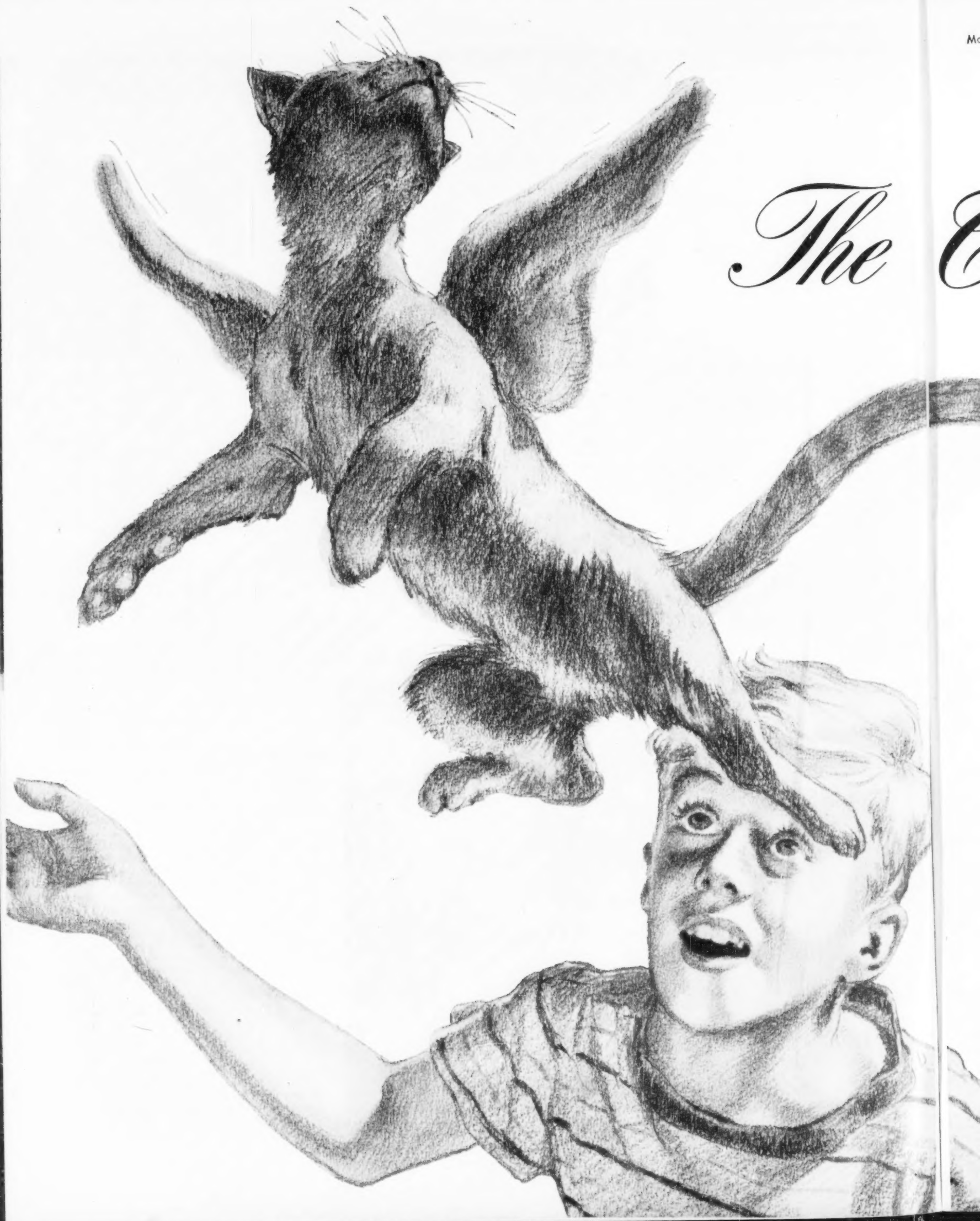
In the fourth he threw another of those long lefts and it nailed me on the button. The button is not a figure of speech. There are two buttons on the jaw, one on each side of the point of the chin. Run your hand along the underside of your jaw and you can feel them. A clean punch on either button sends a special set of shock waves along the nerve that leads from the button to the brain. If you get a good punch on the button you see a pool of white light and then a dark curtain drops across the pool.

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Lillian Cupitt was Jimmy's first girl. Their children are: Ellen, 11; Jean, 7; and Nancy, 2.

The C



Cat Who Could Fly

Sarah would have been a bigger circus attraction than Gargantua and Jumbo riding a tandem bike. But little Joey, who owned the winged kitten, wouldn't sell her for \$50 — no sir, not even for \$100,000

By HAROLD HELFER

DEAR Uncle Timothy," the letter began. "How are you? I am fine. We are all fine. There's a boy I know who has a cat that can fly. I thought I would tell you because you are in the circus business. His name is Joey Clark. He only lives two blocks from me. My favorite circus act is sword swallowing. Tell Aunt Sadie hello for me. Your nephew, Ronnie."

I turned to the missus and said, "Sadie, how old is little Ronnie—about 9, isn't he?"

"Something like that," Sadie said.

"Kids that age sure have an imagination, don't they?" I said, handing the letter to her. Her eyebrows went up a little as she read it and she said, "Hey! A cat that can fly!"

The next day I wrote a letter that said, "Dear Nephew Ronnie: As always, it is a pleasure hearing from you. I would have written you some time ago but have been very busy whipping the circus into shape for the new season. I hope that we will again play near enough Monroeville this year so that you can come and see it. Your Aunt Sadie is fine and sends her best to you and all the folks. Your loving uncle, Timothy. P. S. What do you mean that this cat flies? How can a cat fly?"

"Dear Uncle Timothy," Ronnie's next letter said, "it sure was nice to hear from you so soon. We are all fine here. I sure hope your circus comes near Monroeville. I still don't see how that man got shot out of the cannon without getting exploded. About Joey Clark's cat. I don't exactly know how to explain about it. It doesn't quite fly like an airplane and it doesn't quite fly like a bird. I guess mostly it just flies like a cat. Your nephew, Ronnie."

My next letter said, "Dear Nephew Ronnie, I can't help but be a little interested in this cat you mentioned. As you know, I am always on the lookout for new and interesting acts. I do not wish to seem sceptical, but how can a cat possibly fly? Your uncle doesn't doubt you, of course, but it does seem sort of fantastic. Your loving uncle, Timothy."

"Dear Uncle Timothy," went Ronnie's following letter. "We are still all fine here. You asked about Joey Clark's cat, how it could possibly fly. It can possibly fly because it has wings. It was born that way. The wings seem to be part of his shoulder blades except that instead of just stopping short under the skin of his back like most shoulder blades they keep on going and stick out. They look a little like chicken wings except they're covered with cat hair like the rest of her. When she flaps those wings she just sails through the air. It is really something to watch. I seen her fly to the top of a tree then fly to the roof then fly down into Joey's lap. She always makes a real good landing. She is mostly just a kitten yet too. Your nephew, Ronnie."

When I showed Sadie Ronnie's letter this time she almost fell out of her chair. "Say!" she said. "It sounds like there's really something to it."

"I won't believe it until I see it," I said, shifting the cigar in my mouth, "but if it's so—I say if—why it would be the biggest attraction of all time! We could charge \$5 a head for that one and they'd be standing in line from Halifax to Hamilton. We could give the rest of our show away. We'd be millionaires in three months! A flying cat—why P. T. Barnum himself never

had anything like that! Why it would draw more money than Jenny Lind singing 'O Promise Me,' smoking a cigar out of her left ear and doing a striptease all at the same time!"

Then I simmered down some, sighed and said, "But, of course, I don't believe there's such a thing."

"Well," said Sadie, "you're going to be in Moncton to see about those new trailers. Why don't you just go on over to Monroeville? What have you got to lose?"

I rubbed my chin and said, "I was thinking of that."

I wrote one more letter to Ronnie. "Dear Nephew Ronnie," I said, "I have been thinking very seriously of coming up to Monroeville to see you and the rest of the folks. So, since I probably will be seeing you in person, I will keep this letter short. By the way, what sort of a boy is this Joey Clark, the boy who owns this flying cat? Please tell me something about him. Is he rich or poor? Your loving uncle, Timothy."

Ronnie's answering letter went: "Dear Uncle Timothy. Except that Uncle Tolly sprained his wrist swishing after a fly with a fly swatter, we are still all fine here. I will now tell you something about Joey Clark like you asked. He lives with his grandmother down the street. They live by themselves. It is about two blocks from the house where I live. His father was killed in the war and his mother went to work and was killed in the plant. She got caught in some machinery. He went to his grandmother to live. He is very serious about everything but he is very nice just the same. Almost everybody likes him. I guess

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Illustrated by Mabel McDermott





Who Should Handle The Family's Money?

More women are handling family finances than ever before and experts say they make a better job of it than their husbands

By SIDNEY MARGOLIUS

A BUSINESS EXECUTIVE got into financial trouble last summer and wound up in debt to two banks, two loan companies, the tax collector and a milk company. Things looked black as lignite until his wife stepped in, talked to one of the bankers and got a new loan to pay off the others.

"Wasn't that a risky loan?" I asked the banker who told me this story.

"It was," he admitted. "I took it when I saw the wife assuming responsibility."

That's one of the biggest news stories of the decade and one you won't find on the financial pages. Modern women are noticeably asserting their financial ability, demanding financial equality and getting it.

The Canadian Bankers' Association has discovered that more women are handling family banking than ever before. Security counselors report that they're having more to say about investments, too. Women gained financial sophistication during World War II when their husbands were in the Services and today it's usually only in the older families that you still find the man handling all the cash.

A bank manager told me about a fellow like that who came into his bank recently, led his wife to the manager's desk, tossed down a bankbook in her name and wanted it in his.

The banker sized up the situation. "We can't transfer the account without your wife's consent."

"She says it's all right," the man said.

The banker turned to the wife and asked if she wanted the account changed.

"He wants me to," she said timidly.

The banker handed her the book. "Think it over and let me know yourself if you want it changed," he said.

That woman never did transfer her account to her husband.

Many financial experts are convinced the feminine drive to participate in finances is all to the good. Rather than being naive the average woman is actually more experienced in handling money than her husband, according to A. R. Haskell, manager of the Toronto Better Business Bureau. And Don Smith, of the Montreal Credit Bureau, points out that they should be, for women now do about 90% of the family purchasing. Other experts have put the percentage considerably

lower but agree women do most of the shopping. "They do a grand job," Smith says. "The percentage of women who mishandle money is small indeed."

Maybe it's because women aren't burdened by male pride. Haskell gets more complaints from women than men about unsatisfactory goods or other unhappy transactions. Why? "Men don't like to admit having been stung," he says.

Female scepticism is legendary among bankers. One tells a story about a woman who demanded to see her money. She didn't want to draw it out; just to see it. They showed it to her and she left satisfied.

People in the loan business consider women are actually better money managers than men. R. W. Harris, of the Household Finance Corporation, says, "Perhaps it's because they have a greater realization of the family's dependence on regular income, or perhaps men are more optimistic about their future earnings."

Another loan man reports women are much sharper borrowers. "A woman always asks, 'What's the interest rate?' A man either expects to make money with the loan or needs it too badly to

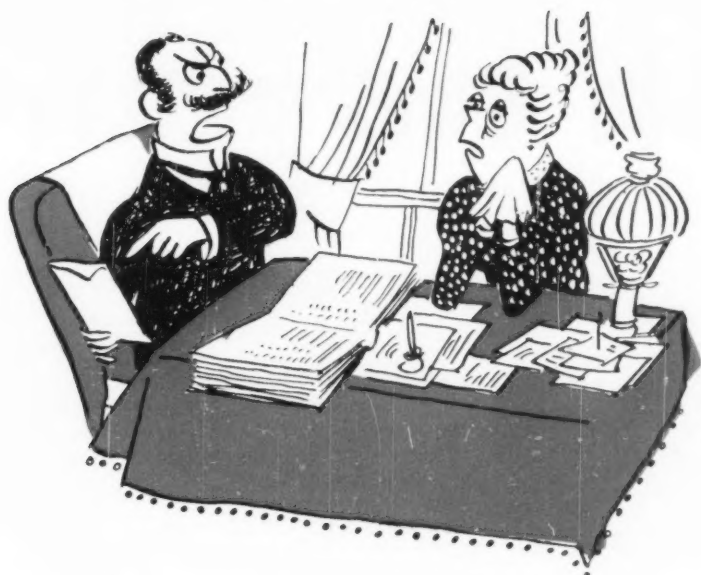


CARTOONS BY
PETER WHALLEY

ALL THE FAMILY, as equals, should talk over spending and saving.



PRIDE DOESN'T hamper a woman when she thinks she's been stung.



THEN The stern husband once kept strict tab on wife's books.



NOW He finds that he's only vice-president of the company.

worry about getting it for a few dollars less. Or he deals with a particular bank because he has a friend there, or the bank once helped him out. A woman is no more sentimental about banks than about two stores with handbag sales. And are stricter about repaying loans than men."

You bet they're less sentimental about money! A banker tells about a young vet who went out to buy his girl a ring after the war. He found an impressively big one—for \$240. The salesman suggested he could pay a little each week. When his fiancée found out they'd be paying for it long after they were married she made him change it.

A small-town banker says unhesitatingly that "the average housewife is a better manager than her husband. A man sometimes likes to be a grand fellow, or gets bored with saving. Women are more persistent about achieving financial goals."

Plenty of men still feel money is their province. Some won't even let their wives know how much they earn. Under such circumstances a wife not only won't become money wise, but won't have the respect for the stuff she might if she had to manage it. Nor does a man always curb expenses because he withholds cash. A grocer in our neighborhood does a thriving business because he advances wives \$5 to \$10 now and then and hides it in the husband's bill.

Mabel Thompson, of New York's Union Dime Savings Bank, one of the best-known budget consultants on the continent, has found that higher-bracket businessmen are more inclined to manage money themselves than wage-earners are. But here, too, there's a trend toward taking the wife into full confidence and working out budgets and other problems together.

One broker told me that because a man has made money doesn't necessarily mean that he's good at conserving it. Wealthy doctors, for example, are often babes in the investment woods. In investing, men are more inclined to seek excitement. Women are more interested in a nice, steady income. They're more likely to seek investment advice too. But they do have a weakness in acting on it. A woman is apt either to swallow the advice whole, or pay no attention to it; a man is more inclined to listen, then do some thinking of his own.

Miss Thompson finds that many modern young couples thrash out money questions and set up a budget even before marriage. This has resulted in fewer quarrels over money, she says. In fact, in wage-earner families she discerns too much tendency now to turn over all money and responsibility to the wife. She thinks that's a mistake too.

While women are generally more careful with money, they aren't necessarily as knowing. And while women are more inclined to want to plan, the

financial experts say, men are often better at drawing up the actual plans.

The ideal policy is a partnership.

I asked financial experts what they find is the chief cause of financial disaster in most families. All their answers hit at the same problem: lack of planning.

"They fail to work out a budget tailored to family income and essential living pattern," answered loan-man Harris.

"They don't plan their spending; the money goes into one pocket and soon it's gone," said budget-expert Thompson.

"They obligate themselves for luxuries before necessities are paid for," analyzed Frank Hunter, of the Bank of Montreal.

"They don't look ahead to large expenses of the future, those too large to be paid out of any one pay cheque," commented consumer-education authority Sylvia Shiras.

Your Family Co., Ltd.

Every family is a little business. In its lifetime it may have a good quarter of a million dollars. In a successful business the first thing the partners do is set up an operating plan. Here's a procedure by which a family can build such a system:

1. *What are your goals?* The whole family meets and asks each other: "What do we want most of all? A lovely home? A car? Or grand vacations? Or security, as represented by solid savings? Of course, we'd like to have all these—but if we can't let's list the most desirable goals."

It's all-important that there be a frank discussion of the family's financial status, problems and aspirations by all members. Miss Shiras is convinced by her experiences with families seeking help that this open discussion technique leads both to better understanding and better managing.

2. *How to achieve your goals?* This means setting up a budget. First the family lists its basic inflexible expenses, such as rent and utilities, payments on debts, reserves for medical emergency, minimum food and clothing costs. Then it can decide what to allot for the goals it rates most desirable. (For more suggestions see "A New Budget for 1950," Maclean's, Jan. 15.)

3. *How to handle the money?* For week-to-week expenses, envelopes for each item, or a box with compartments, is a handy device. But too many families stop there. They're apt to keep too much money around the house; it's too easy to get at and doesn't earn any interest. The compound interest you get on savings accounts amounts to worth-while sums over the years even on small accounts. Bankers like to tell this story: two young men at 20

started to save \$20 a month. At 60, one had \$10,000, the other more than \$20,000. Why? One deposited his savings at compound interest.

Bank accounts are also a definite aid in managing your money. One family of five I learned about actually has nine accounts. The man has a master current account. All his income goes into it and he draws a cheque to his wife for the household, clothing and other expenses she manages. She has a savings account and current account. He has charge of three additional savings accounts: for insurance, house expenses and "emergency" or investment fund. Each child also has its savings account for the money it's responsible for using.

That's too elaborate for most of us, but it shows how to use separate accounts to manage money. This system can help you cut costs too. In just one case, if you deposit insurance money monthly in a separate account and pay it yearly you save up to 11%.

Another family of four that manages well has five accounts. Husband and wife have a joint current account. She has a separate current account for household money. They also have a joint savings account for "safety cushion" funds and each child has a savings account.

Every family would find it helpful to have a separate account untouchable except in serious illness or long unemployment. How much ought to be locked away like that? That depends on the size of the family, its expenses and stability of its income, but three to six months' income is a fairly plump cushion.

Here's one system for dividing your money:

Weekly cash expenses, including food, cleaning aids, drugstore needs can go into envelopes or budget box to be handled by the wife, except for individual allowances for carfares, spending money, and so on which should be in charge of the individual involved.

Monthly expenses, including medical reserve, auto, vacation, insurance, taxes not withheld from earnings, money for fuel, can be deposited in another account to be handled by the husband.

Long-range funds, including those for education, safety-cushion and special goals, can go into a savings account to be managed jointly.

Retirement funds can go into the joint savings account too, or part might be invested in high-grade bonds.

Savings accounts and bonds don't draw as high a return generally as do common stocks, but involve less risk. Sound investment counselors never advise a family to invest in stocks unless it first has a substantial cash reserve, money set aside for the children's education, sufficient insurance, and mortgage and other debts. *Continued on page 51*

Doh-si-doh to your p

The hilarious square dance has bust out
of the barns and into the ballrooms,
setting the country hollering and stomping
to the ancient chants of the callers

By McKENZIE PORTER



*Lady round the lady
Gent around the gent,
Hen around the rooster,
Rooster round the hen.*

NOT since 1910 when a blast of ragtime snuffed out the simpering minuet and blew in the brazen turkey trot has such a revolution erupted in the ballroom—the hilarious square dance has arrived. Foxtrot, onestep, waltz, tango, rumba and jive are being spurned for a rumpus of capering and whooping to folksy fiddle tunes like the “Irish Washerwoman,” “Hinky Dink, Parlee Voo,” “Smash The Windows,” the “Fireman’s Reel,” and the “Grapevine Twist.”

Square dancing is a gregarious, uproarious and flirtatious explosion of high jinks which has suddenly captivated North America’s cities after 40 years of growing rural popularity. Eschewing brass and drums the orchestras stick to violins, bass fiddles, banjos, guitars, accordions, pianos and cowbells. Dancers are kept in step by a caller who chants directions through a microphone or loud-speaker a beat ahead of the music and packs his spiel with barnyard jingles.

Canadians are so full of the fever that George Whitehead, a founder of the Central Ontario Square Dancing Association, estimates 50% of school, church, club and charity shindigs next season will be squares. The change from couple gyrations to multiple romps which began in cities toward the end of World War II and has gathered pace noisily in the last two years is ascribed by most authorities to a cycle of upheaval which always occurs when dancing loses its fun in too much formality.

At a dance in Toronto’s Royal York Hotel last year impatient dancers started yelping for the “Little Burnt Potato,” and “Swamp Lake Break-down.” At once the gathering snapped jubilantly into a whirl of rustic romps for the rest of the evening. In cities across the nation band leaders noted the same signs of change.

From coast to coast department stores are advertising square dance costumes. The Robert Simpson Company offers for women “gay cotton flared skirts with off-the-shoulder eyeleted blouses and ballerina shoes”; for men “plaid shirts, blue jeans and moccasins.” Women’s prices range from \$1.98 to \$15 for blouses, from \$6.95 to \$25 for skirts.

Square dancing is winning teen-agers away from jive and luring out for frolic middle-agers who haven’t shaken a leg in years.

Although square dancing crept into the cities by way of YMCA, Girl Scout and young folks’ church groups it has now bewitched every strata of society. Last year Montreal’s Mount Royal Hotel and Toronto’s Granite Club followed a lead given earlier by the Rainbow Room in Radio City, New York, and introduced weekly square dances.

*It’s boot around boot
And shoe around shoe;
You circle a half as taught to do.
Then a left circle, and follow through . . .*

The organizations running squares are as varied as liquorice all-sorts. In Montreal the McGill University Outing Club and the home and school associations are among many keen groups. In Ontario the Department of Agriculture sponsors square dances to foster rural community spirits and the Department of Education to acquaint city schoolchildren with the

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partners all

PHOTOS: KEN BEL AND CANADA WIDE



The Impulsive

By DOROTHY SANGSTER



GILBERT A. MILNE PHOTOS

WHEN one of Rabbi Abraham Feinberg's two secretaries rapped on the door of his study the other day at Toronto's Holy Blossom Temple and handed him an anonymous letter with a grin the rabbi wasn't surprised. He understood the grin because the letter began with these words: "Rabbi Feinberg, you old whiskered devil . . ."

For Abraham Feinberg, spiritual leader of Canada's largest Reform Hebrew congregation, is neither old, whiskered, nor particularly devilish. At 49 he is clean-shaven and dark. He is also intense. "Working for him is like hanging onto an electric drill," an employee once said. "You're afraid to let go for fear of what will happen."

Most of the crackpot letters the rabbi receives are unsigned and offensive messages, written in pencil on cheap scribbler paper. Unsavory as they are they don't faze Feinberg, who understands that crackpots speak only for themselves and not for any sizeable group of thinking Canadians.

At first glance Feinberg bears little physical resemblance to the traditional Jewish rabbi. In his neat conservative suit, with his bulging briefcase, he looks not unlike a hyperactive insurance agent. Fifteen years ago millions of American radio listeners knew him as "Anthony Frome, the Poet Prince," lyric tenor of the airwaves. Today American-born Rabbi Feinberg is one of the most controversial figures to occupy a Canadian pulpit.

Gentiles recognize him as the official voice of Canadian Jewry. This fact was aptly demonstrated a few years ago when Montreal's Mayor Houde introduced him to friends as "*Le Cardinal des Juifs*"—the Cardinal of the Jews.

Among his own people Feinberg's position is less clearly defined. His congregation is considered by many the most important Jewish congregation in Canada. Certainly it gets the most publicity. The Holy Blossom Temple, a big modernistic structure on Toronto's north Bathurst Street, is the second largest synagogue in the country and its congregation the second oldest (Montreal has both the largest and the oldest).

For the past five years Feinberg, who came to Holy Blossom in 1944, has held high posts in the influential Canadian Jewish Congress. But there are members of the congress who do not see eye to eye with him on matters of procedure and policy. They say, "He speaks too freely," and "He's too impulsive."

As an example they point to the public statement he made from Paris in the summer of 1948, when he was in France as their representative to the World Jewish Congress, to the effect that Jewish DP domestics and nurses were being barred from Canada. The statement, given wide publicity, intimated the Canadian Government was pursuing an anti-Semitic policy. It drew down the official wrath of the Jewish Congress on the head of Feinberg for speaking without conferring with congress first. But the rabbi maintained that the conditions he spoke of did in fact exist and should be brought to light and that he had spoken as a private individual.

Dozens of Jewish newspapers took up the cudgels on either side. Feinberg, whom dissident Congress members call "a bit of a stormy petrel," rode the waves of the resultant storm with stouthearted conviction. "I hate a hush-hush attitude," he says.

If the congress can't quite make up its mind about Abraham Feinberg, neither can the congregation of his Holy Blossom Temple.

Is their rabbi warm, sensitive, charming, idealistic? Or is he cold, insensitive and ambitious? Exponents of both points of view sit facing him on Friday evenings when he steps into

Crusader of Holy Blossom

His critics say Rabbi Abraham Feinberg is always mixed up in politics — minority rights, civil liberties, things like that. But he and his many supporters call it fighting for God's Kingdom on Earth

the pulpit. His critics wonder, among other things, why he can't content himself with being a spiritual leader. Why must he—as he did recently—assist an ex-bookie to set himself up in the restaurant business? Feinberg answers, "If I didn't help him, who would? Isn't it better that he should be selling sandwiches and cold drinks rather than be forced back into a life of crime?"

In spite of such criticism it is a fact that under Feinberg's religious leadership the Holy Blossom congregation has grown to 1,200; the temple's Religious School for Children has become a model for similar schools in North America; and the Temple Youth Group, a recreational outlet for Toronto teen-agers, has become so highly regarded that the School of Social Work of the University of Toronto today recognizes it as a fieldwork placement for second-year students.

To non-Jews, many of whom know little of the ramifications of the Hebrew faith, Rabbi Feinberg's unorthodox appearance and modern outlook come as a shock. However, when they learn that there are three main branches of Judaism in Canada—Orthodox, Conservative and Reform (or "Liberal"), and that Feinberg is a rabbi of the reform school, the picture becomes clearer. The rabbi doesn't look orthodox because he *isn't* orthodox.

Orthodox Jews don't eat pork, seafood or any other "non-kosher" meat or poultry. These dietary laws and many others are set down in the Talmud ("teachings") made by the rabbis and scholars of ancient Palestine. Orthodox Jews may not eat milk and meat at the same meal and they keep separate dishes to ensure that nothing that touches milk touches meat. Extremely Orthodox Jews don't work, drive cars, ride street-cars or carry money on the Sabbath.

Reform Jews, on the other hand, may eat whatever they wish, including pork, in any combination. They celebrate fewer and shorter Holy Days than their more orthodox brethren. There has been no "Sanhedrin" or continuing source of legal authority over Jewish custom since 66 A.D. when the Jewish people were scattered, so Reform Judaism has created one of its own. Feinberg says that some of the ritual laws valid 1,500 years ago became meaningless when the Jews moved out of the ghettos and into Western civilization. "Reform," he explains, "is simply an adaptation of ages-old practices to the 20th century."

In Orthodox synagogues men and women sit separately, skull caps and prayer shawls are worn, sermons are delivered in Hebrew, and the whole proceedings are ritualistic and impressive. But in Reform temples like Feinberg's men and women sit together, shawls and caps are dispensed with, sermons are in English and a mixed choir sings, accompanied by an organ. There is a minimum of ritual and the service is unemotional and restrained.

Feinberg's service, like all Jewish services, includes a sermon—one usually tied to a topical subject. His keen interest in current affairs and his willingness to declare himself on any and all topics of the day have endeared Feinberg to Canadian newspapermen. He has jumped into the ring on such varied issues as the Chinese Immigration Act (he's against the restrictions on wives and children), the movie "Oliver Twist" (he urged it should not be shown to children because of what he claimed to be the anti-Semitic nature of one of its main characters), the sheltering of Vichyites in Canada (he wants them sent back to France for trial).

When religious instruction was introduced into Ontario public schools in 1944 by Premier George Drew, Rabbi Feinberg wrote to the provincial government: "The state has no right to teach religion."

Continued on page 28



TEACHER Feinberg takes the chalk to instruct the confirmation class at Holy Blossom.



TENOR Feinberg (once he was NBC's "Poet Prince") leads his family in a singsong.

THE

By MONA WILLIAMS

HILDA stood outside the door and listened, before she raised her hand to knock. The corridor, with its thick hotel carpet, was quiet, but through the door labeled 620 a sea of party noise reached out to her. She was a little scared, her heart was thumping, but it wasn't all fear—it was pride, too. She had never met these people, Danny's father and mother and their friends.

She took a deep breath and knocked, loud enough to be heard above the voices inside; then the door opened, and a short, thick man stood there. He was as unlike Danny as two men could be, and yet some subtle arrangement of features told her instantly this was Danny's father.

"I'm Hilda," she said, and at the name his reddish face beamed like a sun. He put an arm around her shoulders and drew her inside, bawling out to everybody, "Here she is, folks! Here's the girl—Danny's girl!"

Ah, it was marvelous, the recognition, the welcome—she felt like a princess. This was Danny's mother, Mrs. Fulton, taking her coat, an angular, deeply tanned woman, babbling in a nervous hoarse voice, "But, darling, you came alone! Where's Danny? All these people are panting for a look at him! Tomorrow, out on the field, he'll be just a number."

"Not that boy!" somebody cried out joyfully, "Not even in a football helmet. Not that gorgeous hunk of muscle! I saw his picture in a magazine last month."

"He asked me to come on ahead, because he wanted me to be sure to meet you before the game tomorrow. He can only look in for a minute—I guess even that took some wangling."

A woman with fashionable blue-white curls

Illustrated by Don Anderson



HERO

Cheers from grandstand thousands had been high glamour for her and the football star she loved. Till the day of the big game it had been a little like being a princess in her own right

smirked at her, "How does it feel to be a football hero's girl? Aren't you the lucky one?"

Others took it up. "How does it feel? Aren't you worried about his getting hurt? Don't you just die of pride when the whole grandstand's cheering him? How does it feel?"

"Wonderful," she admitted weakly, accepting an expensive dab of caviar, "even if I have to share him with a lot of people."

The suite, three rooms thrown open for the party, smelled of money. All the guests were a generation removed from Hilda, but never, in her own age group, had she seen such an air of gay abandon, such avid enjoyment. Danny had told her about his parents' friends. Usually she could read his feelings in his voice, she knew when he was worried about an exam, or angry, or feeling good. But speaking of his parents his voice held nothing, no warmth, no criticism, nothing but information.

These people were certainly not bored idlers, in spite of the fact that they didn't work for a living. They worked too hard at having fun. They followed the seasonal sports from Sun Valley to Saratoga, to Long Island Sound, to Florida, skiing, sailing, deep-sea fishing, never bored for a minute.

Hilda wished Danny would come. It was pleasant, in a jittery way, to be the centre of attention, to hear the women exclaim over her engagement ring, to have the big, paunchy man who owned a hotel offer them a suite for the honeymoon next summer—but Hilda wished Danny would come. That would be her big moment, when the spotlight moved to Danny, and she could lose herself with the rest of his admirers.

Through a fog of cigarette smoke her glance stopped at an incongruous figure standing in the corner. A spare and silent man, leaning negligently

against the window drapery, while laughter and argument eddied about him. He just didn't belong in this room! She asked Mr. Fulton about him.

"Who's that man over by the window? I wonder if he's as detached from all this as he looks."

"Him?" Mr. Fulton's head jerked toward the window. "Now, there's a lesson for you: Never take it for granted because once you were great buddies with a guy, you can pick up right where you left off. That's Avery—Sam Avery. Ever heard of him? No. You never heard of him, nobody here ever heard of him, but scientists heard of him. Sure—he's a big science man."

"What kind of science?"

"Physics. He and I were classmates 25 years ago, so when I read in the alumni paper he's in town, I invite him to the party. Somebody ought to put him out of his misery. Tell him to go home, or back to his cell, or wherever it is." He glanced over again at Avery and laughed. "You know what? I don't think it's even dawned on him yet that the big game is tomorrow."

Suddenly he pushed past her, his eyes on the door. "Here he is. Here's the boy now."

Danny just couldn't walk into a room inconspicuously. He was too big and vital—too, well—physical. Hilda didn't join the welcomers at the door; she sat quietly where Mr. Fulton had left her, watching Danny, watching his mother's proprietary hand on his arm, listening to her voice, harsh with pride, as she introduced him to her friends.

Then he saw Hilda. Across the room he gave her a little salute, and she went faint with love of him, but still she made no claim on his attention. This was the parents' hour. Some people standing near her were discussing him with frank sensuality.

"What do you suppose a boy like that would weigh? He must be six-two. And not an ounce of fat—look at those shoulders!"

"About 195," someone else guessed. "Pure muscle. Of course he's trained to the peak of condition."

A faint little crawl of irritation went over Hilda. She did not ask herself why. She edged a bit away from the group. A waiter appeared with a tall glass of tomato juice bedded in ice. Mrs. Fulton seized it from the tray and presented it to her son.

Hilda's eyes, moving around the room, stopped again at the physicist. He glanced once at Danny, but his impassive face told her nothing. Danny was making his way toward her now.

"Hello, honey, what do you think of this menagerie?"

"They're awfully nice! They've been wonderful to me."

He fished an olive out of her glass and ate it moodily. "If any more well-wishers ask me how much I weigh, I'm going to start asking how old they are. I feel like a statistic."

She said lightly, "Well, naturally they're interested. I heard your father say there's a lot of money in this room bet on the game tomorrow."

"Uh-huh. They bet on horses, too. But the horses get a break. They don't have to hear about it."

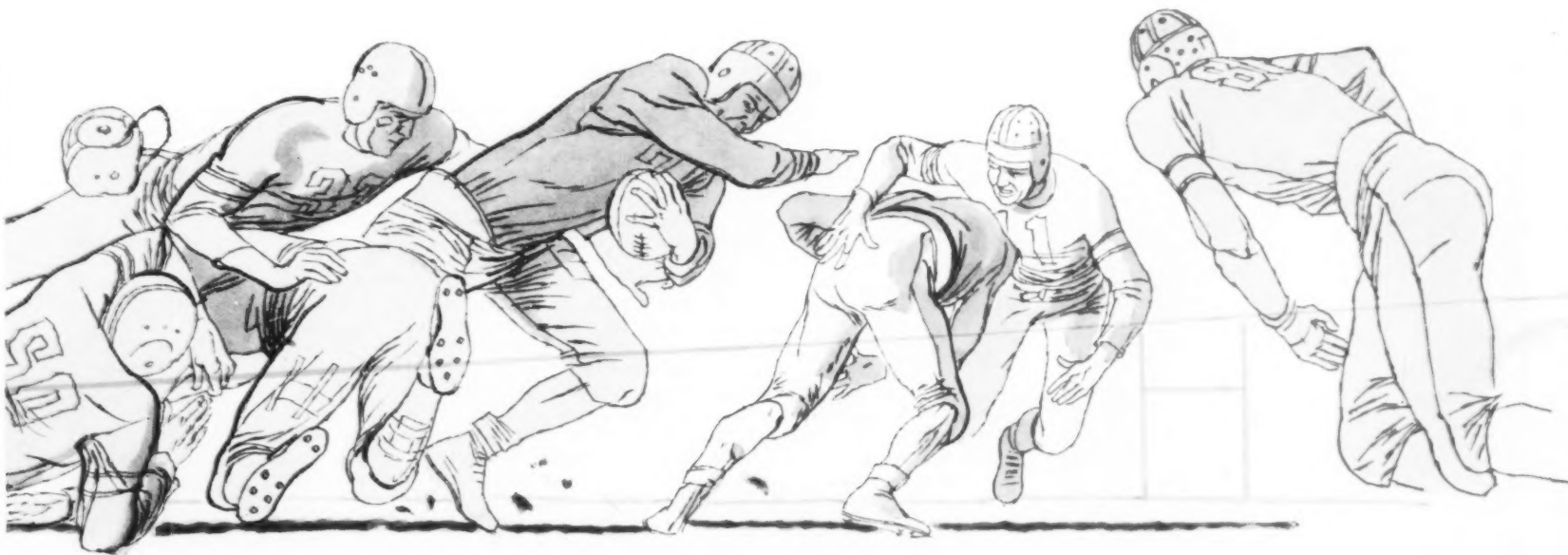
Across the room the physicist was looking at his watch. Hilda nodded toward him. "There's one guest who's not interested. He's just wondering how he can fade out of this picture."

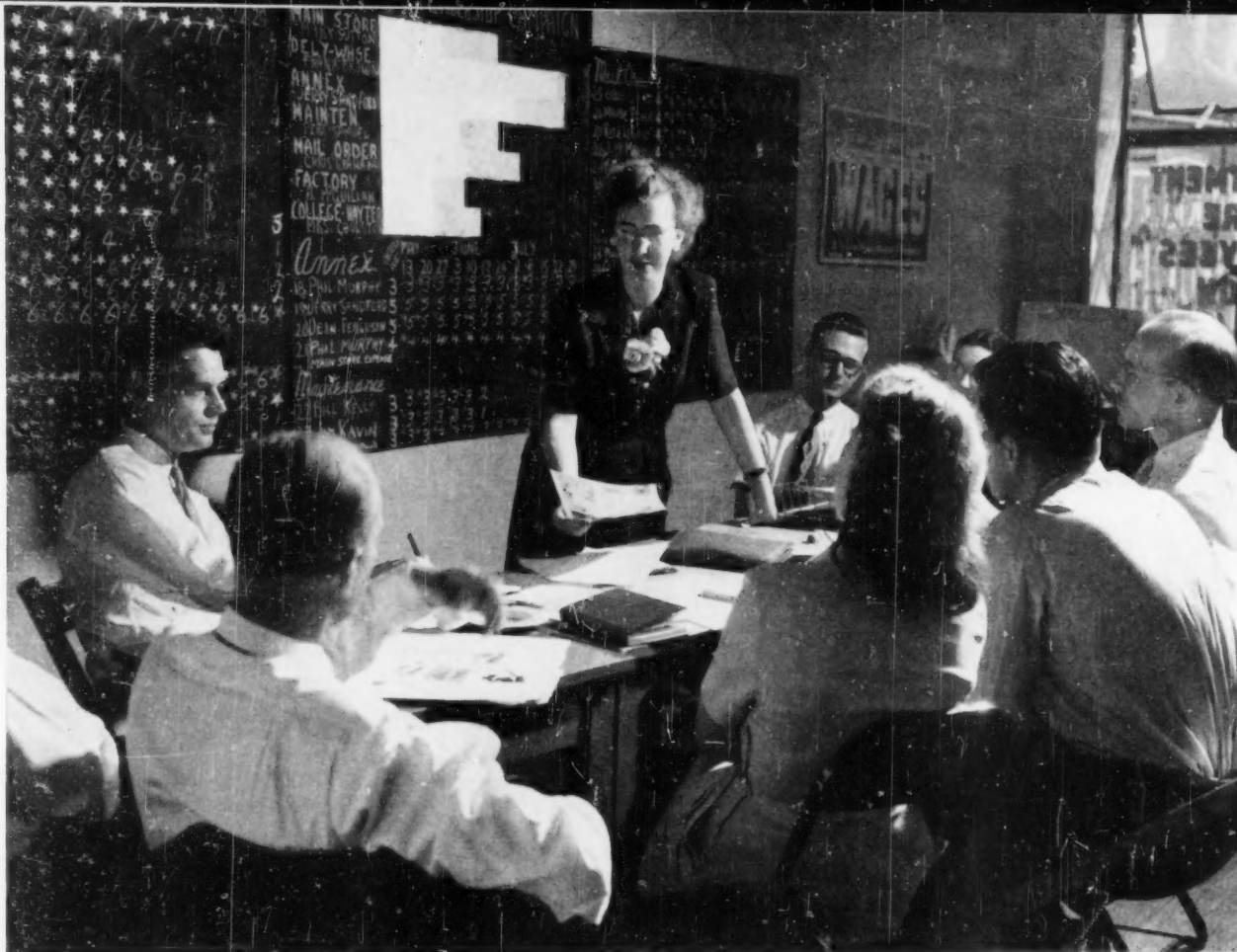
"Who's that?"

"His name is Avery. He's a scientist and he got in by mistake."

"Avery!" Danny

Continued on page 39





GILBERT A. MILNE

ENERGETIC EILEEN runs her stunt-filled campaign with business efficiency. After a 40-hour week for others, she works 70.

SHE'S ORGANIZING EATON'S

A blue-eyed blonde named Eileen Tallman is tackling one of the toughest jobs in Canadian union history — organizing Eaton's in Toronto

By JUNE CALLWOOD



SHE HANDS a weekly pamphlet to employees. The union claims nearly 6,500 have signed.

EILEEN TALLMAN is a five-foot-two blonde who works a 70-hour week organizing unions so that other people can have a 40-hour week. A friendly, stubborn, relentless woman with a highly developed sense of humor she is, at 37, considered one of the dozen crack union organizers in the country. She is one of the few women to make good in this hard profession.

Eileen has been employed for the past eight years as union organizer and trouble shooter by the International Union of Steelworkers of America (CIO), an important organization which is so well established in Canada that it has taken the role of benefactor to smaller unions.

Three years ago the Steelworkers detached her to head a campaign to organize what, if she succeeds, will be the biggest union local in the country—a union of the 13,000 Toronto employees of the T. Eaton Company, whose department-store chain employs more than 40,000 Canadians and is the country's third biggest employer. After three years of relatively restrained but concerted advances the union still has signed fewer than half the store's employees.

But if the union is eventually certified it could be of enormous significance in the labor picture not only because of its size—it would be bigger even than the Ford local of the United Automobile

Workers' Union in Windsor which has 11,000 members—but because its establishment undoubtedly would be the opening wedge in a movement to unionize all the big department and chain stores across the country. If it is successful the Wholesale, Retail and Department Store Union, of which Eaton's local would become a part, could leap from its present strength of about 11,000 members across Canada to better than 23,000; its annual dues could approach a half million dollars.

This is not a staggering figure as unions go—the Steelworkers' annual dues exceed \$1 million, for example—but it could make the union one of the 10 most powerful in the country.

Its success would also cause Eileen Tallman to be regarded as one of labor's more vital pioneers, a description which doesn't fit the stubby, blue-eyed, 120-pound organizer's appearance at all. She was once an outstanding secretary and still looks the part—feminine without being flowery, make-up discreet, her manner friendly and businesslike.

She once finished a college course in six months, then casually strolled into an international typing contest at the Canadian National Exhibition and emerged with third prize. Her father was a Tory but Eileen has been a Socialist since her early youth when she made street-corner speeches and read Keynesian economics. *Continued on page 48*

AT A CONVENTION with Len Norris





I'M GLAD I HAD POLIO

By GEORGIA BAILEY

ONE hot sticky July night a year ago I perched on the edge of a kitchen table, swinging my legs, eating a hamburger, and giving my girl-friend Barbara an account of what it was like to be experiencing the first symptoms of polio. It was a joke—I thought. Maybe at 19 one's jokes are a bit clumsy.

I was making fun of Barbara's pet hogey by reading the symptoms of polio given in a medical dictionary that lay open on the table, and identifying them with those I'd had all day. From the moment I got up that morning I had been feeling warm and damp and painfully stiff. In mid-afternoon I put the cover on my typewriter and asked my boss in our Civil Service office if I could go early. He said okay.

Home in the Ottawa apartment I shared with Barbara I got a bit of perverse fun watching her growing alarm as I told her I was having difficulty in swallowing, just like the book said. My neck was stiff. I felt as if I had weights tied to my arms and legs.

The joke was on me. When I got down from the table and started for the bedroom I felt as if I were walking through mud on stilts. The room was all out of perspective. I fell full-length on the floor. I had polio.

At that time I still hadn't heard the long forbidding term, acute anterior-poliomyelitis, that was to be my case diagnosis a few days later. I murmured something about tripping over a rug, tried to get up, broke into a sweat and lay there unable to help myself and completely bewildered. Barbara somehow got me to the bed and called my nurse. From then on, things got pretty foggy.

I remember my mother and father arriving at the apartment, my dad saying, "Now don't get excited, I'm not worried," while he chain-smoked, paced the room and looked completely distraught. I have a recollection of a doctor, and I remember hearing someone scream. I wondered who was making all the noise and dimly realized that it was me.

The scene shifted somehow to isolation hospital. There was a parade of doctors and nurses coming into my room, donning face masks, rubber gloves and gowns. During one comparatively lucid moment I decided to make my way to the adjoining bathroom. The floor came up to kiss my face with the alacrity of a long-absent lover. I don't know how long I lay there, unable to get up, until a nurse came in and picked me up. I know I began to realize what it was like to be really scared. That night I heard, through a fog of pain, someone say: "She's a Catholic. You'd better get the priest."

I didn't die but there were times when I wished I

would. I made a dramatic attempt to break off my engagement with Bill, a boy from next door, who, as a medical student, was able to connive his way into isolation to see me. He received my grand renunciation with: "You've been reading too many books."

I came through the contamination period and was sent to the Civic Hospital for an estimate on the damage done to my muscles and for further treatment. This hospital is among the many large hospitals in Ontario subsidized by the Provincial Government for the treatment of polio. From the time I was admitted until my discharge six months later complete hospitalization was provided free.

There were three other polio cases in my room: a destitute old woman, one of the most heroic humans I've ever known, who managed to be cheerful in spite of being deaf and having been paralyzed by polio for 13 years; a dark 18-year-old girl named Esther; and Joan, a tiny, electrically alive brunette with a wonderful blasé sense of humor.

I was put in a pillowless bed that had a fracture board between the mattress and springs and a foot-board to keep my feet upright as a safeguard against "drop foot." I began to experience for the first time the thing that I was to learn to dread more than pain, more than dying—the feeling of dependency. One day I decided to rearrange a bouquet of two dozen roses Bill had sent me. I found I couldn't even roll over on my side. Gradually every other feeling gave way to the nightmarish realization that I couldn't comb my hair, pick up a book, sit up, eat, do any of the simple, ordinary, everyday things that I had done all my life. I was seized by a childish terror, a feeling of insecurity, that I was to get to know well.

The virus of the type of polio I had attacks cells of the spinal cord which govern the muscles, clinging to the cell or entering it entirely and ultimately killing it. Once these cells are destroyed the muscles become useless and atrophy. The result is temporary or permanent paralysis, depending on the extent of the attack.

My treatment consisted at first of the application of steamed heavy flannel hot packs daily every 15 minutes from 9 in the morning to 4.30 in the afternoon, until I felt tenderly boiled from neck to feet, back and front. After three weeks of this the packs were applied only to my legs and back and physiotherapy began. In this the patient and the physiotherapist co-operate in trying to get the muscles to move. The doctor strokes a certain muscle, tells you to look at it, concentrate on it, then moves your foot while you will it to move. It's not easy to concentrate with that desperate intensity.

It's not easy to pit your will against a foot so immobile that it could belong to someone else. You lie there sweating with the effort while the physiotherapist chants: "This little muscle, do you feel it? This one right here. Pull it to the right. Now to the left. Now up. Try again. This muscle. This one. Up. Now to the right . . ."

Although difficult and exhausting at times these things soon became routine, relieved by many bright sides of hospital life. The three of us in our room joked about the pancake-thin mattresses that we claimed allowed splinters from the board beneath to tickle our anatomy. We were amused by some well-meaning visitors. There was the gushy type who kept up a monologue of "Oooh, my dear, I was simply shattered when I heard . . . YOU of ALL people. So full of life! So full of youth! But there are so many things you can do, leather craft, embroidery . . . you might even write a book. Everybody writes books nowadays." And the ones who painfully avoided all reference to polio and whom Joan used to deliberately horrify by calling across the room, "Hey, cripple! Got a cigarette?"

The really significant events had nothing to do with hospital routine. The important things were



MY FIANCE, Bill, who's a medical student, took over my treatment when I came home.

happening inside me. I began to have a dream, usually at night while I lay wide awake, but often in the daytime. I began to dream I was walking. Walking upstairs. Walking along a sidewalk in the rain. Walking to the door. Walking to a wash basin at the other side of the hospital room, standing there a moment, walking back, getting back into bed. I'd follow every detail of these visions greedily. I always moved with a slow dreamlike motion, pausing, turning slowly, putting one foot before the other easily and gracefully. One of my favorite scenes has always been a place in the Gatineau hills where an aunt of mine used to take me Sunday mornings when I was a little girl. We'd get there by a dusty, winding road, then slip behind a farmhouse to find a path between the pines, follow that up a steep hill to where the lake appeared—always a beautiful surprise at the end of that hot hard climb. I climbed that path in my imagination over and over again, reveling in the pull of my leg muscles, the healthy glow of my body. Then I'd be back to real life and my real hospital bed and I'd make a desperate effort to sit up. I'd strain and pull unsuccessfully and lie back covered with perspiration, feeling stifled, pinned down, afraid.

One day after I'd been in the hospital for several weeks I asked for a mirror. I stared into that mirror thoughtfully for a long, long time. Looking back at me were a pair of lustreless eyes, a wasted white face with bluish lips and purple circles under the eyes. The cheeks were sunken, the skin pulled tight. At 19 I looked 45.

But a surprising thing happened. Looking into that mirror I began to see something more important than a changed face. I began to see my whole life up to the time I'd contracted polio, more clearly than I ever had before. I'd always been vain, overly critical, completely self-centred. I would spend hours fussing with my hair and make-up. Now the realization came to me that my family, Bill, my other friends had been coming to see me regularly, unchanged, when I looked like *this*! They hadn't come because my make-up was on right or my hair just the right glossy sheen—they'd come to see *me*. It made me feel warm, grateful, humble and a bit ashamed.

My Legs Had Forgotten

I thought of a dance I'd gone to with Bill one time when he was so broke that we had to walk four miles home. I complained all the way that we should have taken a taxi. Now I'd have paid every cent I'd ever own—I'd have given away a whole thriving taxi company—just for the privilege of walking those four miles. I think I grew up there in that hospital bed.

I tried to make plans for what I'd do after I left the hospital as a cripple. My back and left leg had shown some response to treatment, but my right leg was lifeless. I'd started off my illness with smiles and wisecracks with the object, not even admitted to myself, that people would say: "What a brave little girl!" Now it was a matter of self-preservation. I knew I had to hold onto my self-control; that if I once so much as cried I would be beaten.

Then one drizzly fall morning I caught a cold. An interne prescribed nose drops and, with a grin, "A few days in bed." It was a pleasant grin. I grinned back. He enquired about my progress. I tried to move my right leg. It didn't satisfy him and he had me try it over and over again. At last I heard him almost shout: "There was a flicker. You did it. Do it again!" The toes of my right foot had contracted, very feebly, but to me those five toes were the most beautiful and wonderful toes in the world. I almost cried with happiness.

I began to learn how to walk. The first day two physiotherapists lifted me to my feet, lowered me to the floor and moved forward. I sagged like a sack of meal. The physiotherapists patiently explained how legs move in walking. I had a clear recollection of myself walking, but my legs had forgotten. The feeling of walking was something that escaped me. It was like trying to recall a name I knew well and not quite being able to

Continued on page 44



PHOTOS BY MALAK

THE NIGHT WE DANCED I knew that I could win my battle for recovery. And I thanked God.



MAYBE YOUR CHILD'S A GENIUS

So, don't worry if his I.Q. test rates him below normal. Some educationists say the way the tests are often given tea leaves could be a better guide

By FRED BODSWORTH

IF YOUR child takes an intelligence test at school and you find out he has a subnormal I.Q. don't let it bother you. At the same time, if he is above normal don't start preening. Because the I.Q., once regarded as an infallible indicator to a child's learning ability, is highly suspect.

About 500,000 Canadian school children get I.Q. tests every year so that our educationists can measure their general intelligence and plan their education around the findings. About 100,000

usually are found to be below average, 300,000 are normal, the other 100,000 above average. What does this mean?

Dr. James L. Mursell, of New York's Columbia University, one of the world's leading I.Q. experts, has plenty of respect for the I.Q. test when properly carried out and plenty of outspoken criticism for the large number of teachers who use it inexpertly. He says: "Far too much of it is on the level of palm reading and horoscopes. The public has been

regaled with ballyhoo about the accuracy with which science can measure mentality. Often tea leaves would be a safer guide."

But, while a handful of education authorities, psychologists and vocational guidance experts are beginning to learn this, practically all parents and hundreds of Canadian schoolteachers still look up to the I.Q. as an unerring mirror of a child's future. This results in many children being held back unnecessarily in school on the strength of I.Q.s inexpertly arrived at or inexpertly interpreted.

The experts warn that the I.Q. structure has two serious loopholes:

1. A child's score can be affected by inexpert marking or administration, his mood at the time of the test, and even what he had for breakfast.

2. Even if accurate the I.Q. is only *one clue* in many factors such as personality, energy and work habits which determine success at school or in a job. (One of Canada's most successful executives has an I.Q. of under 90—normal is 100.)

Because these points are not understood things like this often happen:

Harold, aged 9, moved from Detroit to an Ontario city. His new school principal couldn't decide what grade he should enter. Finally an I.Q. test was decided upon.

Harold was shy, frightened by his new surroundings and teachers. The test revealed an I.Q. of 80, so he was put back to third grade. He soon mastered his work and his teacher recommended that he be promoted to fourth. The principal took another look at Harold's I.Q. then refused. When he did get into fourth grade the teacher there also suggested in mid-term that Harold was ready for promotion. The principal began to doubt that I.Q. Harold was given another test and his I.Q. this time turned out to be 120. He lost two years of schooling because an I.Q. gave a false alarm.

How serious is the

Continued on page 46

TEST YOUR OWN I.Q.

HERE are 10 questions similar to those which appear in intelligence tests for students of high-school age. They are reprinted from "You and Your Future," by M. D. Parmenter, published by the vocational guidance centre of the University of Toronto. Allow four minutes exactly to answer the questions. Answers are on page 46.

1. Which word does not belong in this list? — 1 mile, 2 rod, 3 acre, 4 inch, 5 yard.

2. What number comes next in the following series? — 5, 12, 19, 26, 33.

3. KICK is to FOOT as throw is to — 1 catch, 2 leg, 3 ball, 4 hand, 5 hit.

4. The opposite of **oblivious** is — 1 clear, 2 necessary, 3 obscure, 4 mindful, 5 intelligent.

5. **Deleterious** means the same as — 1 harmful, 2 doleful, 3 offensive, 4 desirable.

6. Trees usually crows wings in nests their tall build. If one word were omitted from this sentence the others could be arranged to form a sentence. Print the **first** letter of this word.

7. The proverb "A watched pot never boils" means — 1 Trouble comes when you least expect it, 2 It is hard to perform your best before spectators, 3 Impatience makes the time seem longer, 4 Proper precautions will prevent disaster, 5 Rogues under observation behave well.

8. My birthday is on May 15 and I am 5 days older than Jim. If May 17 is on Wednesday, Jim's birthday is on — 1 Thursday, 2 Friday, 3 Saturday, 4 Sunday, 5 Monday.

9. A B C D E F G H I J K L M N O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z. If the first letter and every third succeeding letter were omitted from the alphabet, which letter would then stand ninth from the beginning? Print it.

10. ☐ is to ☐ as O is to (1) ☐, (2) ☐, (3) ☐, (4) ☐, (5) O.

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You will earn the respect of every Canadian, besides gaining a life of satisfaction and a training for leadership valuable to you in the future.

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OR
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Please mail me, without obligation, full particulars as to how I may go Aircrew in the R.C.A.F. as Pilot, Radio Officer, or Navigation Officer.

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This Iron Fireman oil-fired furnace is scientifically designed for use with the remarkably efficient VORTEX flame—the flame that gets much more heat from every drop of oil. The handsome, baked enamel cabinet also contains air filters, humidifier, and quiet, large capacity fan.

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Syncrostat controls operate the unit and guard your comfort day and night.

Ask for an illustrated picture story of the Iron Fireman Vortex oil burner, its marvelous flame and outstanding results.

Convert your furnace or boiler to automatic oil heat

The Iron Fireman Vortex conversion burner releases radiant heat to the primary heating surfaces in the same manner as the coal fire for which your furnace or boiler was designed. Flame is NOT enclosed in the ash pit.

Bowl-shaped flame starts above the grate line, covers the hearth and sweeps side walls. Radiant heat penetrates walls and crown-sheet of combustion chamber. Every available square inch of primary heating surface used most effectively.



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In the Editors' Confidence

IN PREPARING the biography of Jimmy McLarnin which begins in this issue Maclean's spared no, or hardly any, effort to supply McLarnin with a willing literary second. It was finally agreed that an ex-sports writer named Ralph Allen was just the man to help the little boxer from Vancouver, who became a world champion, in the telling of his life story. The decision was hastened by the following considerations: (a) Allen once fought his way out of a paper bag; (b) *Somebody* had to make that long, hazardous trip to Hollywood; (c) Allen is the editor of the magazine and had the last say anyway.

The first draft of "Don't Call Me Baby Face" was prepared in a non-stop interview which began at 10 o'clock one morning in Allen's hotel room and ended on a midnight two weeks later in McLarnin's car on the way to the Los Angeles airport. Both men were on their feet at the finish, although Allen insists that McLarnin, who doesn't particularly enjoy talking about fights, was on the verge of a knockout. By then their daily 12-to-14-hour chats were going something like this:

Allen: Let's go over the second Ross fight again.

McLarnin: Good fight. I won on a split decision. What do you say we go over to the Brown Derby and have lunch?

Allen: In the second round you hit him with a good left. Jab or hook?

McLarnin: Hook. Hey, did I show you the postcard I got this morning from Bing Crosby? Bing's in France and he met this guy who said—

Allen: Long hook or short hook?

● In his more resigned moments Allen reports that McLarnin was both highly co-operative and highly articulate. "But unlike most old athletes—particularly old athletes who were so good they really deserve to be called great—Jimmy has no desire to live in the past. He's enjoying the present too much. He's got a fine family, of which he is immensely and justifiably proud, as much health as he'll ever need, and almost as many friends as he used to have fans. As his story unfolds many parts of the McLarnin legend will be modified or disappear, particularly those parts



No one carries well-fixed Jimmy now, but Joe Louis, fat and broke, is planning a comeback.

which have insisted that life for him has been a bowl of cherries. But I hope the picture which emerges will be essentially the picture I got of him—the picture of a boy who knew what he wanted, worked very hard and very honestly to get it and, when it came, accepted it with humility and gratitude."

● Sid Margolius is an expert on consumer relations and frequently writes for this and other magazines on his specialty. He had an opportunity to apply some of his findings right at home, he told us, when he sent along the manuscript for the article on page 12 ("Who Should Handle the Family's Money?").

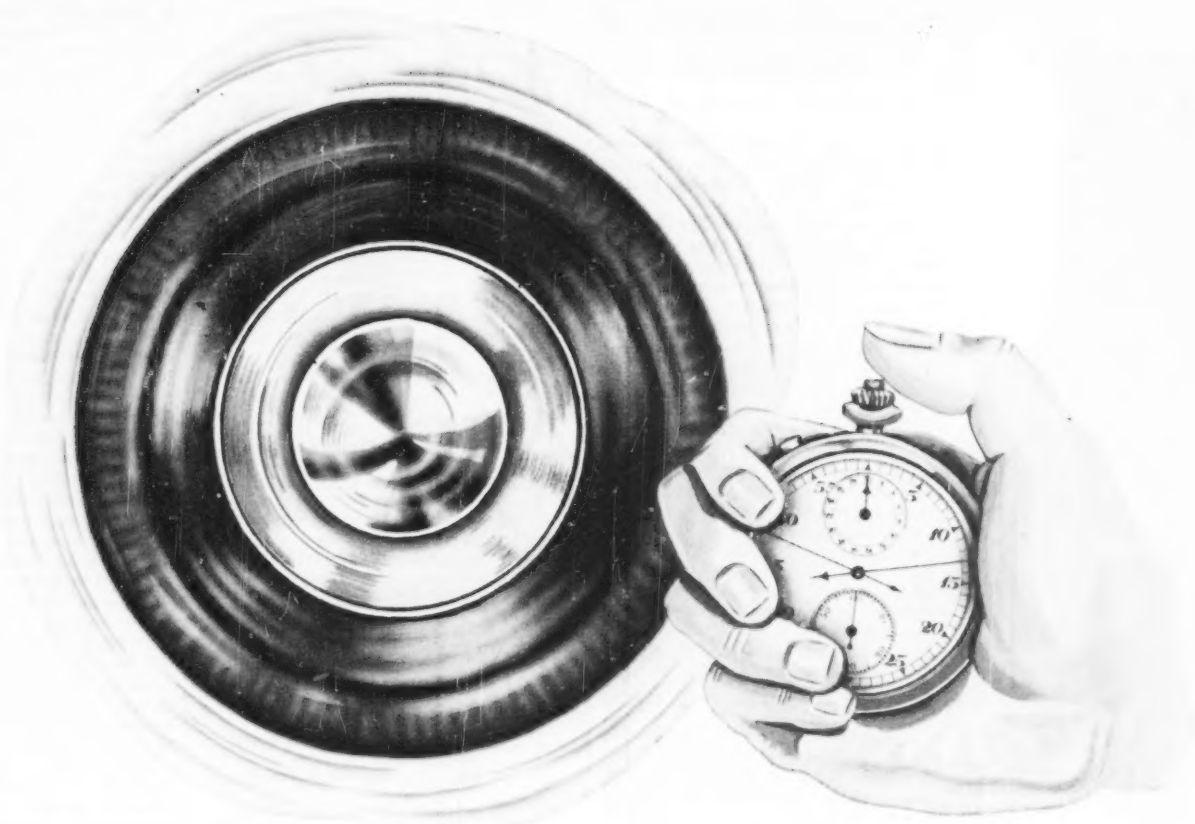
"This winter my wife and I adopted a small boy," he wrote from his home in New York. "And now we really have to know how to manage our money to get along." The expert added with a touch of amazement: "The cost of kids' clothes is certainly high."

Margolius' consumer column is carried by the newspapers of 33 international trades unions and his popular book, "How to Buy More for Your Money," is coming out this fall in a new 25-cent edition.

MACLEAN'S



ADRIAN DINGLE, who lives near Cooksville, found the fall scene on the cover north of Lawville, Ont. "While I was painting," he writes, "the farmer left his team and ambled over every time he came around. I was unused to such attention and it unnerved me, particularly since the farmer said nothing. Just looked over my shoulder and grunted each time he came to inspect my work. Finally, as I prepared to pack up for the day he took one last look, sighed and said, more to the horses than to me, 'Well, I guess somebody's got to do it.'"



How Fast Can a Wheel Stand Still?

QUESTION:

When your car hits sixty, how fast are the wheels turning?

ANSWER:

They're standing still at the bottom!

We admit that it sounds far-fetched, but our research man has the facts and figures to prove it. Explanation on request.

But when your wheels are standing still — both top *and* bottom — and you *want* to hit sixty, that calls for another explanation.

We've got the answer to that one too. What your car needs is a complete "Fall Change-over."

Swing your eye along the chart to the right. There are six "musts" for your assurance of safe, trouble-free driving this winter, come sleet, snow, frost or a spell of weather.

It's just as simple as that, but . . . don't trust your memory. Tear out this page. Take it to your garage man. Ask him to check the points listed here. If he is busy, ask for an appointment. He'll be glad to oblige, because that's the service he likes to give. And you will get mid-summer performance from your car all winter through.

SIX "MUSTS"

FOR A COMPLETE FALL CHANGE-OVER

Make an appointment to have your car pre-conditioned at a reputable service garage. Special attention should be given to these six items:

- ☐ **COOLING**—Protect with approved antifreeze. Inspect radiator, thermostat, hoses, water pump and fan belt.
- ☐ **LUBRICATION**—Change lubricants, including motor oil, to winter grade according to manufacturers' recommended schedule. Lubricate all chassis points and accessories. Service oil filters.
- ☐ **ELECTRICAL**—Test battery condition, inspect wiring, generator and battery cables. Test and aim lights. Test starter draw and generator output. Test spark plugs.
- ☐ **ENGINE**—Tune up as required to assure easy cold weather starting. Inspect core plugs for leaks. Clean air cleaner and crankcase breathers.
- ☐ **SAFETY**—Check brake adjustment and fluid level. Inspect exhaust system for leaks, steering connections and tires. Test windshield wiper operation.
- ☐ **COMFORT**—Turn on and inspect heater. Test defroster operation. Inspect shock absorbers for proper control. Install snow tires.

Prepared by Roly Pepper, editor of
"Canadian Automotive Trade"

Published in the interests of safe driving by

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The Impulsive Crusader of Holy Blossom

Continued from page 17

To teach a specific religion, in this case Protestant Christianity, is to show discrimination against minority groups not professing it."

Later, on behalf of the Jewish Congress, he submitted a comprehensive brief to the Hope Commission set up to investigate the Ontario school system. The commission has not yet reported.

One Toronto clergyman approached Feinberg privately offering to "see what he could do to mend matters" by having the Hebrew religion also added to the school curriculum. He came away with a curt "No, thanks."

"I said there is no place in our public schools for the teaching of religion," the rabbi reiterated, "and I mean any religion!"

He has waged a long campaign against injustices to individuals and minority groups and is battling to put laws on Canadian statute books to end discrimination in employment.

"Some people say you can't stop discrimination by making laws," he points out, "but why not? There's a law against stealing and murder isn't there?"

Like his predecessors at Holy Blossom Temple Feinberg is keenly interested in promoting Jewish-Gentile good will. While he believes that no Jew should give up one iota of his Jewishness to win the favor of non-Jews, or to escape racial discrimination ("That's harakiri," he says), nevertheless he sees no iron curtain separating Gentile and Jew except mutual ignorance. To acquaint non-Jews with Jewish ritual the temple has sponsored a number of Institutes on Judaism in recent years. Questions are invited and answered to the best of the rabbi's ability.

One favorite question is, "Are the Jews still looking for a Messiah?" Feinberg's answer stresses that while a few Jews still are most pin their hopes on a Kingdom of God on earth in the form of a Messianic Era—a period of universal justice, peace and brotherhood.

He is particularly pleased when young people's groups from other churches ask to visit the temple. Holy Blossom's congregation has been addressed by a Hindu, a Chinese, and a Nisei, and most recently by William Carter, a colored citizen of Dresden, Ont., the town which voted against serving Negroes in its restaurants. Later, Feinberg visited Dresden, staying with the Carter family and speaking in the local Baptist Hall.

Feinberg says, "To hew out traffic lanes of thought and understanding between one group and another—that, to my mind, is the main task of life." He admits, however, that his ardor has occasionally hit rock bottom in the middle of the night when he has been dragged out of bed by a phone call from some Toronto tavern to settle an argument about whether Jews believe in heaven and hell. Answer: Some rabbinical scholars believe in hell, but most don't. Jews believe there is a heaven but don't place as much stress on it as Christians.

Abraham Feinberg is a born worrier. He once confided to a friend that he was worried that his wife was worrying about him being worried. He makes constant asides about his health. "This conference is making tremendous demands on my health. I don't know how I stand it." "Excuse me while I just swallow this pill. I think I'm getting flu."

However, having thus expressed his anxiety, he then proceeds to do the job

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in hand with his verve and efficiency and his associates have learned to take his fears with a grain of salt.

He was born in an Ohio mining town in 1901, one of nine children, son of a poor Lithuanian cantor (a chanter of prayers in synagogue) who had fled pogroms in his native land. His early home life was strictly Orthodox.

He was a brilliant high-school scholar and graduated at 14. Then he got his first job—an 11-hour stint on a laboring gang. Other jobs followed. He saved his money, went off to the University of Cincinnati where he won several scholarships and a Phi Beta Kappa key. He took post-grad courses at Chicago and Columbia and was ordained a rabbi at 23. Within four years, in 1928, he was installed in one of New York City's wealthiest reform temples.

Week after week, as he found his presence sought after for Park Avenue parties, lavish dinners, and nothing else, Feinberg worried. What good was he doing anybody? Why be a rabbi if no one wanted your moral leadership? "Being a rabbi here is not a calling; it's a business," he told himself.

One evening in 1930 he informed his astounded congregation that he was leaving the professional ministry. "The preacher today," he said, "has been forced to renounce his mission and become a salesman. He is made to fear a loss in membership more than the wrath of God. Instead of a poet, a dreamer, a transcendent mystic, he distorts himself into a seeker after popularity, a clerk of pew rentals, a good fellow. Just as other men sell clothes or automobiles or stocks, so does he dispense religion—for a price."

Furore followed. Newspapers seized on the story. Religious leaders hastened to align themselves pro and con. On one hand Feinberg was accused of being a deserter, on the other he was hailed as a courageous champion of truth. He was congratulated as an honest man, flayed as a mistaken careerist. While the battle raged, the young ex-rabbi sailed for France.

Born—A Poet Prince

He had taken a few singing lessons in New York and in France he studied voice at the American Conservatory at Fontainebleau. He returned to New York after a few months to marry a cultured and attractive young fashion stylist named Ruth Katsch. Feinberg began to get small singing parts in radio.

In 1932 Ed Wolf, the promoter of Arthur Tracy, "The Street Singer," chanced to tune in a Feinberg song. He was delighted. And so was born "Anthony Frome, the Poet Prince," over Station WJZ on Sunday afternoons. The show proved so popular it was switched to an evening spot at 11.15 four nights a week on the NBC network.

The program concerned the imaginary wanderings of a vagabond prince who sang as he traveled. In Italy, for instance, he sang "M'Appari" from "Marta"; in Palestine, "Rachel" from "La Juive."

Feinberg, who has visited most of the countries described on the program and who sings in six languages, sees nothing particularly shameful about this. On the contrary he feels that love songs and ballads play a part in helping people to understand and appreciate each other. Nevertheless, there were times when he could have wished for more dignity in his publicity.

It was widely and inaccurately reported of him that he aspired to be the best-dressed man in New York, that he cherished a pet lizard, that he never sang without a cornflower in his lapel

and the "Rubaiyat" of Omar Khayyám in his pocket, that he was planning to build a miniature castle in the Berkshires, had a passionate weakness for barrel organs, and was a keen fisherman who once landed a full-grown porpoise.

Rabbi Feinberg insists that it wasn't his idea of good publicity to be photographed in his smoking robe and slippers, lounging in what the newspapers called "his 40-foot living room, lined with portraits in oil and precious first editions" and to be catalogued "a romantic idealist."

As Frome, Feinberg began to climb the hard road of radio. He made personal appearances at New York's Fox and Paramount Theatres. A fan club sprang up around him with the enchanting name of the "Court of the Poet Prince." His picture ran on the cover of Radio Guide and on other theatrical and entertainment magazines. His weekly salary went as high as \$1,500. The future looked rosy.

Then in Germany Adolf Hitler came to power and Abraham Feinberg began to worry again.

"I began thinking about what was going to happen to the Jews and I knew that there was only one thing for me to do—I had to go back to the rabbinate," he recalls. "That was, and is, where I belong. Singing is only amusement. My soul is in the pulpit and in the study."

He accepted the position of rabbi to a small and poor congregation, dipped into his savings to supplement his tiny salary, and settled down once again to a life of spiritual leadership in which his only singing was to chant the Kol Nidre, an old Hebrew prayer, once a year on the eve of the Day of Atonement.

Today Feinberg still receives Christmas and New Year cards from many of his former radio fans, both Jewish and Gentile, one of whom signs herself, "Your radio mother from Old Bridge, New Jersey." Other than this his memories of that far-off era are confined to a thick book of clippings, to the facts that his son is named Jonathan Frome Feinberg and his wife calls him "Tony." Of his temporary abdication from the ministry he says, "it was the deeply felt act of a young man with ideals."

After Pearl Harbor Feinberg, now in Denver, volunteered as a chaplain, was turned down because of a slight medical disability. In 1944 he was named rabbi of Toronto's Holy Blossom Temple, at a salary rumored well up in the five-figure bracket.

Rabbi Feinberg's day starts early in a mellow grey-stone house in Toronto's Forest Hill district. After breakfast with his wife and two children he does an hour's work in his study. At 9 he drives to the temple where two busy secretaries hand him a pile of mail, a list of phone calls, a thick sheaf of typed manuscripts for sermons and after-dinner speeches.

One day recently his mail included an invitation to pronounce grace at a Community Chest dinner, to sit at the head table at a dinner for the consul-general of Israel, and to undertake a speaking tour of the West for the Labor Zionist Organization. Another letter, from an unknown Gentile, assured him she was praying daily for the Jewish people.

Three telephone calls were from members of his congregation planning marriage. The rabbi arranged interviews and set dates for the weddings. His next call was from a young Jew from a downtown orthodox congregation who wished to marry a non-Jewish girl and "understands Rabbi Feinberg does these weddings."

Rabbi Feinberg is, however, not in favor of mixed marriages. In spite of his desire for harmony and co-operation

between Jew and Gentile he says, "Intermarriage is a challenge. A couple has to work all the time to make it a success." Neither, following the traditional Jewish line, is he in favor of conversions, believing that the Christian who promises to "turn Jewish" to marry a Jew is obviously acting from ulterior motives. In rare cases the rabbi will undertake a conversion; in all other cases he performs a "mixed marriage" with the understanding that any children of the union will be brought up in the Hebrew faith.

A large part of the rabbi's day—"too much" he terms it—is taken up with administrative duties. But he is also expected to visit the sick, comfort the bereaved and help with family problems. For instance, a father may be worried because his daughter is keeping company with someone not of their religious faith... A mother fears her teen-age son is gambling.

Not only Jews are helped from the charitable funds of the temple. Recently, for example, a young mother sent word her small son had colitis and required a special kind of expensive serum. Could the rabbi help her? None of the family was Jewish and no one at the temple had ever heard of them before. Nevertheless the rabbi arranged to have 24 bottles delivered to the sick lad.

Take a Note on a Nap

Rabbi Feinberg seldom takes time off for lunch. When psycho-analyst Abraham Franzblau visited the temple a couple of years ago to give a lecture series he burst out, "For heaven's sake, man, take it easy!" He suggested that half-an-hour's nap after lunch would do wonders for Feinberg.

Feinberg grabbed his memo pad and wrote in big letters, "Take nap after lunch."

That was two years ago. The note is still on the pad. But the rabbi still spends his lunch hours working.

After a 6.30 dinner at home with his family he's usually off to a meeting of some sort. Missing evenings with his son Jonathan and daughter Sarah Jane worries Feinberg for he is a family man at heart.

He likes to tell about the time he took his family for a summer motor trip in the U.S. At one point he took part in a sandlot baseball game and heard one of Jonathan's pals exclaim, "Say, your old man is all right, even if he is a rabbi."

Ruth Feinberg tries to dovetail as many of her own activities as possible into her husband's crowded schedule. She makes a point of keeping free the odd evening that he is free, and also tries to meet him downtown after evening engagements for a leisurely cup of coffee. Mrs. Feinberg is an honorary member of the executive of the Sisterhood of the Temple, a representative of the Canadian Congress of Jewish Women and, until recently, was on the women's committee of the Toronto Symphony Orchestra and the Art Gallery.

She is a tactful and understanding woman and thus is ideally cast as the wife of the impulsive rabbi. "Because people love her," he says, "they are willing to overlook many of my shortcomings."

Heading the list of the rabbi's "shortcomings," according to his critics, is his persistent crusade for minority rights, civil liberties and inter-racial harmony. Why must a rabbi dabble in such political affairs, they want to know. Why can't he stick to spiritual things?

The rabbi has his answer ready: "Some people call it politics. I call it fighting for the Kingdom of God on Earth." ★

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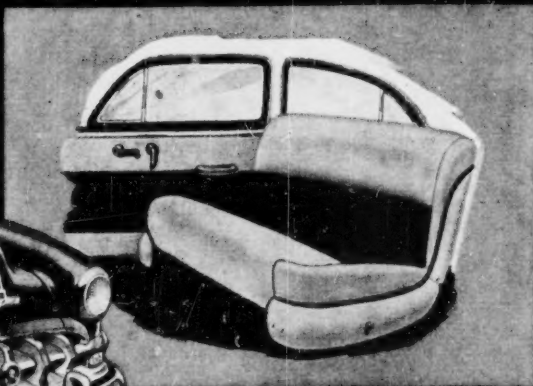
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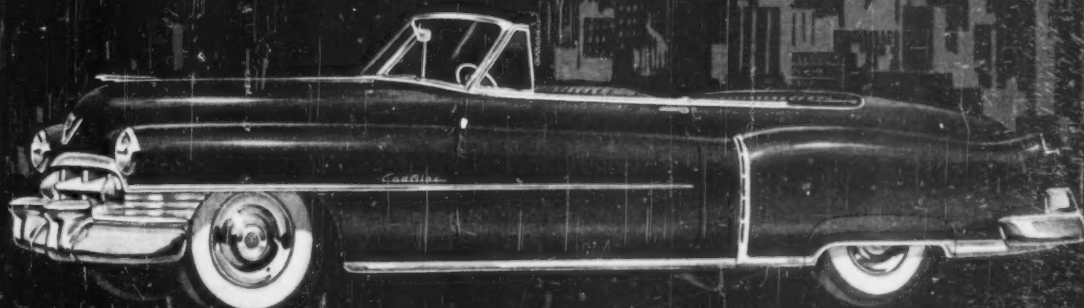
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Doh-si-doh to Your Partners All

Continued from page 15

pioneer culture of their ancestors. The Ontario Junior Farmers' Association stages squares for sheer fun.

Last season the Jewish B'Nai Brith Association turned out to a Toronto square dance in ten-gallon hats and chaps, wore straw in their hair and after the first number ruefully removed their spurs.

In January this year Calgary Kiwanians, Lions, Rotarians and others felt square dancing should be established on a national basis, got together, and formed the Canadian Square Dancing Association. So far it has failed to get the dancing clubs organized on a nation-wide scale.

The swing to the squares has brought windfalls to deserving but unexpected quarters.

Elizabeth Clarke, a nurse in the Vancouver Children's Hospital, wrote a song called "Bluebird on Your Windowsill" with a tempo right in the groove for squares. She pledged the royalties to institutes for crippled children and it has already earned \$64,000.

Three years ago Fred Roden, a Canadian veteran who had failed in the printing business, opened a store on Queen St. east in downtown Toronto, dubbed it the Record Corral, concentrated on cowboy, hillbilly and square numbers and since then has bought up four other disk retailers.

Early in 1949 Wes McVicar, instructor in physical training to Toronto's central YMCA, published a book of square dance calls. A first edition of 2,000 copies, each at 75 cents, was sold out within a month. Reprints are selling well.

Also bunted along in the boom is Harry E. Jarman, Toronto, music publisher, whose sales of square dance sheet music have quadrupled in the past two years. In 1932 Jarman published as a speculation a paper-backed pocket-sized booklet entitled "How To Square Dance." It took him two years to dispose of 1,000 copies. In the last two years he's sold 10,000 copies of a revised edition and numerous other sister publications. Bibliographers in the United States, including the director of the Carnegie Library in Pittsburgh, have asked Jarman for copies of the original edition.

*Right hand round your father-in-law,
Your father-in-law, your mother-in-law,
Your sister-in-law, your brother-in-law,
And now it's Mrs. Arkansaw.*

Riding highest in the square dance surf is a band called Don Messer and his Islanders. Born in Tweedside, N.B., Messer last June drew 5,000 people to a square dance in Toronto's Mutual Street Arena at \$1.25 apiece and took as his share of the gate \$3,125. From his records alone he's now making more than \$15,000 a year.

One of the oldest square bands now hitting the jackpot is Toronto's George Wade and his Corn Huskers. They are picking up good engagements after 15 years of small jobs.

Seeing the trend more than a year ago the CBC put Jerry Gowler's "Prairie Schooner" square dance show on a program from Winnipeg every Saturday night. This summer they added on the same evening the "CBC Square Dance," also from Winnipeg, and "Soirée à Québec" from Quebec City, making almost two continuous

hours of homespun sentiment and music. Toronto's CKEY competes with Red Hughes and his Prairie Riders.

Most of the Canadian name bands in square music are in the east. Cornwall, Ont., has contributed Sid Plamadior; Montreal, Jo La Madeleine and the Stripling Brothers; Rouyn, P.Q., Fernand Thibault. But in Winnipeg Fred Hadaller and His Alberta Cowgirls; in Edmonton, Eamon Gamon; and in Vancouver Burn's Chuck Wagon Band are all broadcasting, recording and taking important engagements.

Running Don Messer closest is Jimmie Magill and his Northern Ramblers. Magill, a tubby, florid, puckish minstrel of the old school, after years of sawing at country fairs and village street junkets, now leads his band in a coast-to-coast broadcast over CFRB, Toronto, plays weekly for the Granite and Boulevard Clubs, draws royalties on 50 original square dance tunes and is currently cutting disks for London Records. He always wears sneakers and vivid shirts and tortures the catgut while smoking a cheroot.

Magill's bass fiddle and second violin are Geof Barker and Al Aylward, both of whom ascend to the sublime in Sir Ernest MacMillan's Toronto Symphony Orchestra. Recently Magill hired "for volume" Don Gordon, a blond and beefy *bon vivant* who is recognized in radio circles as tops in Canada at the electric organ.

Gordon is happy in the oompah-oompah rhythms of the scores. "It's fascinating stuff," he says. "Ninety per cent of the melodies are in two sharps. That's the easiest key for a violinist. We're carrying on the tradition of pioneer fiddlers who could play in no other."

*Allemand right in places all,
Now swing with the girl across the hall,
Now run away home and swing your own,
She loves you best, she told me so . . .*

Square dancing is not a revival of a moribund art. John Martin, the American dance historian, who takes this thing pretty seriously, says the wildfire spread of squares is an expression of man's longing for return to his elemental self.

For 500 years dancing has been condemned by moralists and despised by intellectuals. With the advent of the bunny hug and the grizzly bear in 1910, the Charleston in the 20's, and, during the last 30 years the tango, rumba, samba, big apple and jive, cries went up of "decadence"! But this was nothing new. When the waltz was introduced from Germany in the 18th century it was described as "a flagrant and adulterous affront to decency." The polka, galop, gavotte and schottische were, in their turn, a rebellion against the propriety which ultimately paralyzed the minuet and the quadrille. Whenever the current vogues in dancing become too formal to be fun a new and livelier routine will soon start up.

Square dances are the illegitimate descendants of the courtly 18th and 19th century lancers, quadrille, Sir Roger de Coverley and cotillion. These atrophied fandangos were preserved by rural communities during four decades in which the urban masses flung themselves into the American tempo of the foxtrot, Charleston, jive, swing and bebop.

In their exile to the barn the dances, which were once the essence of formality, gallantry and coquetry, underwent a sharp change. They were crossed with the Irish jig, Scottish reel, sailors' hornpipe, Lancashire clog hop, Indian chicken dance, central European

mazurka and Latin American zaraband by the polyglot immigrants who coagulated into North American society.

*Hurry up, Joe, and don't be slow;
You used to get around there, years ago.
Hurry up there, or you will fail
To see that monkey on the same old trail.*

As the routines became more intricate and more stylized callers were introduced to keep new converts on the rails and to keep the beat. The moves are now widely accepted. There is little difference between the basic steps practiced in Cochrane, Ont., and Dallas, Texas.

To about 300 tunes, ranging from recent originals to two centuries in age, regulars kick up their heels, arch their hands and spin each other in groups of four couples, or in face-to-face or back-to-back lines of eight men and women, or in a progressive swapping of partners through a giant circle around the hall.

Certain steps are common to all dances and they have taken on quaint names, such as the allemand left or right, the sashay, the doh-si-doh. These are all corruptions from the French, the traditional language of the dance. Allemand stems from the French *à la main droit or à la main gauche* (by the hand, right or left); sashay is a corruption of *chassé*, a sideways skipping movement; doh-si-doh, from *dos-à-dos*, means literally back to back.

*Doh-si-doh to your corner again,
A right to your honey, then grand chain.*

*Grand chain all, all over the hall
English, Irish, Scots and all . . .*

Tommy Thompson, a World War II veteran who has become one of Ontario's most popular square dance callers, says: "After a few minutes you can tell the ancestry of almost anybody in the room because they all put in their own little bits. The Scots hold their hands above their heads and whoop like in a reel; the Irish do that knee-and-ankle action which comes from the jig. I've seen an old lady getting in a few Dutch clog steps."

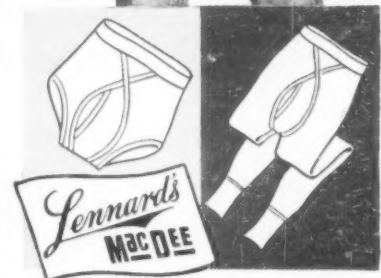
Thompson, a slender, assured young man, is a plumber's purchasing agent but in winter equals his salary calling squares. Last winter he averaged five dances a week. He carries in his head the intricate weavings of 75 numbers. Sometimes he will stop in the middle of a dance, pick out from 200 people one man who is throwing the others wrong and politely correct his steps.

Thompson broadcasts with Jim Magill's Northern Ramblers and often calls for square dances given by conventions in Toronto hotels. He holds the mike close to his lips, cocks his head, stands stock still, and in deadpan style rips out instructions in a rasping monotone. He varies the sequences like a drill sergeant and sometimes lets slip a thin pale smile of exultation at his control over the rhythmic swarming hundreds below the stage.

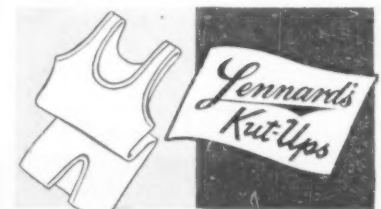
*Now the first couple lead to the right,
Join your hands and circle four.
Ladies cross their lily-white hands,
Gents their dirty black and tans.
The ladies bow, the gents know how,
And roll 'em around with a basket roll!
You roll 'em high and you roll 'em low!*

When red-haired Moira Shearer, star of "Red Shoes," visited Canada with the Sadler's Wells Ballet in the fall of 1949 she square-danced for the first time at a private party and exclaimed, "It's delicious. I've never known anything like it." ★

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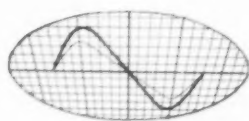
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The Cat Who Could Fly

Continued from page 11

he is poor instead of rich. His grandmother gets some kind of pension but I don't think it is so much. Their house is very small and sags a little. His grandmother has to stay in bed nearly all the time but she gets up long enough to cook meals and to sew patches on Joey's pants. Joey goes to the store and buys the groceries though. He is very good about knowing what to pick out so it won't cost so much. He also does the washing."

Three days later I was in Monroeville. And after a couple of hours of handshakes, backslaps, pecks on the cheek and three helpings of potato pancakes with sour cream, Ronnie and I were walking down the street together.

"It is awfully nice of you, Ronnie, to offer to take me to this Joey Clark's house," I said. "I'll buy you a big banana split at the drugstore on the way back. You know, son, I was really touched by your last letter. This Joey Clark has not had things too easy."

Then, sort of giving Ronnie a gander from the corner of an eye, I said, "I was thinking I might offer him as much as 50 bucks for that cat of his. Providing it's still flying around, of course."

Ronnie gave me a quick look. "Fifty dollars!" he said. "That's not so much for a cat that can fly, is it?"

I shifted my cigar to the other side of the mouth and said, "Well, \$50 is \$50 you know. But maybe you're right. Maybe, under the circumstances, I should go even higher still. I might make it \$100."

Then, after a little pause, I said, "Do you—ah—think that he'd take \$100 for it?"

"I don't know, Uncle Timothy," Ronnie said. "I never asked him about that. I just told him I had an uncle who had a circus who would like to see his flying cat and could I bring him around and he said all right. He did say, though, he didn't think he wanted to sell it."

"Oh," I said, taking my cigar out of my mouth and flicking off some ashes, "a cagey little—ah—youngster, eh?"

"He said he asked his grandmother about it and she told him that since his cat had had the kitten with the wings why that this cat was his too and that he could do what he wanted to with it and that it was up to him whether he wanted to sell it or not," Ronnie filled me in.

"I see," I said good-naturedly. And then there we were, in front of this little frame bungalow. Ronnie led me through a gate that took us to the back yard.

A KID of 9 or 10 was on his knees on the ground. He seemed to be engaged in filling up a hole. "Hello, Joey," Ronnie said. "This is my Uncle Timothy I was telling you about. He came all the way from Ontario."

Joey hurriedly finished covering up the hole with dirt, then stood up. "How do you do, sir?" he said. He was a tow-headed youngster with a considerable quota of freckles.

"Hello, there, Joey!" I said, real friendlylike.

Then I saw it—the cat. It was a young cat, but looked like it was almost full grown. It was a grey alley-looking cat. It was moving across the yard in a slinky catlike fashion. And, sure enough, there they were—the wings! They sprouted out from his back, near his neck. They were flat against his back now, but there was no mistake.

"He doesn't fly all the time," Ronnie said. "Just some of the time."

"Can you get him to fly?"

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"Sometimes I can," Joey said. "Sometimes he flies just on his own hook," Ronnie said.

"Would you get him to fly for me, Joey?" I said, turning on my most pleasant voice, the kind I usually reserve for mayors and sheriffs.

"I'll do it," Joey said. "But I'll have to charge you for the demonstration."

My eyebrows went up a little. "Well," I said, managing as hearty a chuckle as I could, "I suppose that's fair enough. What're you going to charge?"

"Twelve dollars and 50 cents," he said, promptly.

I dug into a pocket, came up with the proper amount, shifted my cigar a bit over to the left and said, "All right, young man, here you are."

Joey took the money without a word and stuffed it into the pocket of his somewhat frayed but clean shirt. Then he made a whistling noise and the cat suddenly stopped in its tracks, turned and sauntered over to him. The cat rubbed against his legs and Joey reached down and patted it. Of course, all I kept seeing were those two believe-it-or-not wings.

Then Joey said, "Ronnie, there's a bottle of milk and a saucer on the back porch. How about pouring some of the milk in the saucer and bringing it out?"

Ronnie obliged. Joey took the saucer and held it down for the cat, who greedily began licking it. Then, giving it little more than a chance to wet its tongue, Joey straightened up and started walking away with the saucer. He walked over to a ladder, leaning against a coal bin, and climbed it carefully. He balanced the saucer on top of the bin, then he came slowly down.

The cat seemed to become completely motionless for almost a solid minute. Then, suddenly, there was a swishing sound and something streaked through the air and, almost before I knew it, there was the cat atop the bin, licking away at the saucer of milk.

I still couldn't believe my eyes, though. My mouth on the open side, I kept staring at the coal bin. The cat, quite unconcerned about everything, kept lapping away. I was about convinced that the whole thing was some kind of an illusion, when something darted out of a nearby tree. It was a bird. The cat suddenly stopped lapping, looked up, stiffened, then—swish!—and it was no longer on the coal bin. It was zooming through the air after the bird.

I watched flabbergasted. The bird kept whirling away, trying to escape the cat's clutches, and the cat kept sailing around through space hot on its trail.

"Sarah! Sarah!" Joey called out. "Sarah's the cat's name" Ronnie informed me.

"Come back here, Sarah!" Joey hollered.

But I doubted if Sarah could hear him. She was way up there now, a matter of several hundreds of yards up in the sky. In fact, once or twice I lost her while she was chasing the bird high above our heads through some cloud or other.

I guess, all in all, the cat was up there some five, six minutes before she lost the bird up along the horizon somewhere and finally came down again. She came settling back to earth just as pretty as you please, a perfect four-point landing, coming down on all four legs just about the same time. Then she went strutting off.

I couldn't take my eyes off her for I don't know how long but when I turned to Joey I noticed he was still looking up in the sky. His face was frowning so that his freckles seemed to be all running into one another.

I PUT an arm around Joey's shoulder in my best friendly, man-to-man manner and said, "Come on, let's sit down, always believed in relaxing when it came time to talk business. More sociable that way."

We sat down together on a back porch step. Ronnie sat a step above us.

My arm still around Joey I said, "That's some cat—no question about it. Yes siree! It ought to make a pretty fair act."

Then, taking a quick gander from the corner of my eye at Ronnie and shifting my cigar around, I said, "Tell you what, young fellow, I'll give you \$100 for the cat—cash."

Joey shook his head.

"That's a pretty good price now, Joey," I said. "But I'm not a man to haggle. I'll give you \$125 for it."

Joey still shook his head.

I moved my cigar around. "Well, being as you and Ronnie are such good friends and everything," I said, "I'll make it \$150. Now, as you know, that's really quite a bit of money. Why you could buy a pony with that!"

Joey still shook his head. I rubbed my chin. "Tell you what, Joey," I said, giving him one of my most fatherly, now-let's-all-be-good-fellows hugs, "you're such a deserving kid. I'll throw in enough for a saddle—I'll make it \$185."

Ronnie said, "Aw, why don't you make it a straight \$200, Uncle Timothy?"

I suppressed a frown, sighed a little and said, "All right, then, \$200—whataya say, Joey?"

"No," Joey said.

I shifted my cigar and re-rubbed my chin. "Well, of course, it's up to you, young man," I said. "But I'll make you one last final offer. \$250—take it or leave it."

Joey shook his head.

I got up, "Come, Ronnie," I said. "It's his cat and if he doesn't want to sell her why that's up to him."

I started walking away. Joey didn't budge. I walked a little farther. He didn't call out to me.

I turned around. "Three hundred, and that's the best I can do," I said.

The freckle-faced kid just shook his head.

"Well, let's go, Ronnie," I said.

"Aw, why don't you make it \$1,000, Unk," he said. "That's a more even figure."

My right toes ached to make contact with a certain part of my nephew's anatomy so bad I almost lost my balance. "Well, Ronnie," I said, "\$1,000 is a powerful lot of money. You could buy an elephant for that."

"But not an elephant that can fly," Ronnie said.

I almost bit my cigar in two. But I sighed. I rested my hand in my best fatherly manner on Joey's head and said, "Kid, I guess I'm just a sentimental guy. When I take a fancy to someone, well, money just seems to become meaningless. Know what I mean? Anyway, kid, I like you. I'll give you \$1,000. How would you like it?—in cash or cheque? That's an awful lot of money, you know."

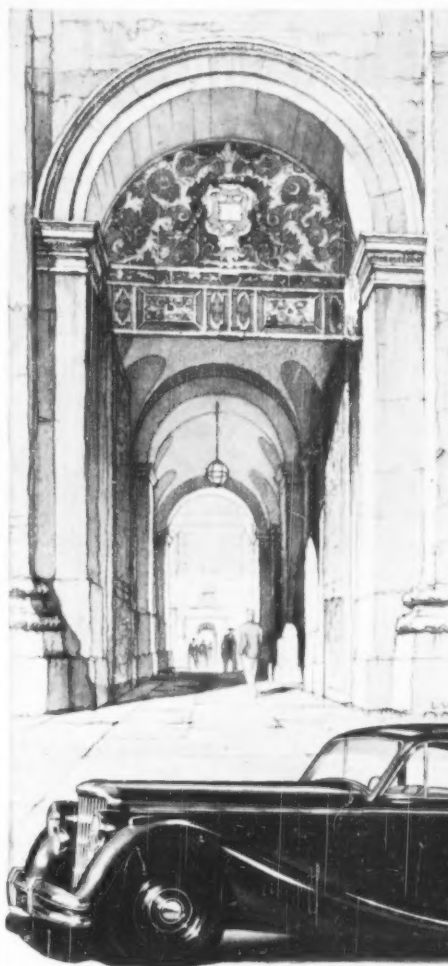
Joey shook his head. "I don't want it," he said.

I sighed and sat down. I took off my hat and fanned my face. Then, shifting my cigar, I let loose one of my most winning smiles and said, "You're a tough man to do business with. But I like a man who stands up for his own. Yes, siree. Tell you what—I'll make it \$1,025."

Joey shook his head. So I upped it to \$1,050.

"Make it \$2,000, Unk," Ronnie chimed in.

I had to do a neat bit of fast neck manipulation to keep from swallowing



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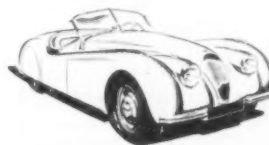
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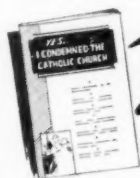
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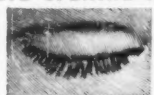
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my cigar. "Let's go, Ronnie," I said. "I've got to check on the train schedule. I have to be back with my circus pretty pronto, you know."

Joey didn't say anything. I reached down, patted his head and said, "You got a perfect right to keep your cat, if you want to—even if the \$1,200, which I am now prepared to offer you, would buy you not one but two ponies, a new bike, and all the comic books, ice cream and candy the drugstore could furnish you for the next year."

Joey just looked straight ahead, almost as if he didn't hear me. I started walking away again. But I finally turned around and, with my most forlorn sigh, said, "I'm in rather a hurry—there's a lot of problems to running a circus—I'll give you \$2,000, and that's my last offer."

"I don't want to sell Sarah," Joey said.

"Now, Joey," I said, sitting down by him again, "that's a pretty good bargaining tactic, but you got to remember I been around. I know every man has his price. But there's a limit to everything. There is even a limit to how much a flying cat is worth. And \$2,000 is it—take it or leave it."

Joey just shook his head. "Make it \$5,000, Unk," Ronnie said.

This time I swallowed the cigar. At least part of it. I gasped and spluttered.

"I won't go into all the harrowing details. But I finally did go up to \$5,000. And that wasn't all. I went up—by stages, of course—to \$10,000, \$15,000 and then \$20,000.

But the freckle-faced kid just shook his head. I believe I was up to around \$23,725 when Ronnie spoke up and said, "Unk, offer him \$100,000. And if he doesn't want it let's go. I'm getting tired. Remember you promised to buy me a banana split."

I will spare you the soul-searing agony I went through and the strain stifling homicidal impulses. It left me weak, shaking and desperate. "All right," I said, "we'll see if he really wants to sell that cat or not—I'll make it \$100,000. Cold cash!"

Joey still shook his head.

"Come on, Ronnie," I said. "Let's go."

THIS time I really started out the gate. But when I got there I turned and said, "I'm leaving town around noon tomorrow. I'll drop by on you in the morning just to make sure you haven't changed your mind."

As we walked away I said to Ronnie, "Why do you reckon that little st—, I mean that little youngster, is so hard to do business with?"

"I don't know, Uncle Timothy," Ronnie said. "He's kind of funny. He never has much to say. Everybody likes him, though."

"He's a real slicker," I said. "Clipping me for \$12.50 right off the bat—and then coaxing me up to \$100,000. If there was one born like him every second instead of the kind that Barnum mentioned I'd be out in the street starving."

"Sometimes, Unk, I get the feeling when he looks way off into space the way he does that he's thinking of his papa and mamma," Ronnie said. "He's just a very funny fellow. Maybe he won't sell after all."

"Oh, he'll sell, all right," I said. "He's just using the old stall system. There's nothing that anybody won't sell for a price."

"Well, here's the drugstore, Unk," Ronnie said. "Remember what you said."

"Yes," I flared up, "and you're going to have a single-scoop ice cream cone and like it. Ah—what I mean is—it's better for you, you know."

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BRITISH RAILWAYS

THE next morning, on my way over to this Joey Clark's house, I felt quite a bit better about things, though. After all, I reminded myself, it was worth \$100,000—easy. Why, I'd get it back in a month. And cats lived quite awhile, six or seven years. Why I'd have so much money I'd have to hire an income tax adviser to advise my income tax adviser how to make out my tax forms. The movies alone would be willing to pay \$200,000 or \$250,000 a picture for Sarah. A flying cat—why even Disney hadn't come up with anything like that! And television would eat her up.

When I stepped into the back yard with Ronnie, though, a feeling of trepidation did come over me. The towhead was such a peculiar little kid, so brooding and serious. Oh, well, I said to myself, if I have to go to \$150,000, I'll just have to.

He was sitting on the back porch step when we got there. "Hello, there, Joey," I said, in my most chipper manner. "Just thought I'd drop by one last time to see how you felt about selling your cat for the fabulous price I last mentioned."

"Sure, you can have Sarah now if you want her," he said promptly.

It was so unexpected I had to chomp down hard on my cigar to prevent it from getting away.

"Well," I said. "Fine. Fine. Now let's see what was it?—\$50,000 or something like that, wasn't it?"

"It was \$100,000, Unk," Ronnie piped up.

While I was trying to get the gasket inside me back in line again, Joey said, "Oh, \$50,000 would be quite all right. Only I don't think you'll want Sarah now."

My eyebrows went up a little. "She can't fly now," Joey went on.

"Why not! What happened!" I wanted to know.

"A veterinarian told me he would take the wings off for \$12.50," he said. "That's what I spent the money for."

There was a purring noise and I looked down and there was the young grey cat I had watched so goggle-eyed yesterday—only now it looked like a million other young cats. Its wings were gone.

I sank down on a step. I felt weak. In the twinkle of an eye the line from Halifax to Hamilton had vanished.

"Why—why did you do it, Joey?" I asked. "Why with \$100,000 you could have lived like a prince the rest of your life? Didn't you know that?"

"Yes, I knew it," Joey said. "Then why in the name of a monkey's mustache did you do it?"

"Because the birds weren't safe from her," he said. "She could follow them wherever they went, even if they flew away in the sky. She would sometimes kill three or four birds in the sky in one afternoon. I was burying one yesterday when you showed up. I don't like for something to kill something else."

I guess I was too speechless to say anything. My cigar seemed to be half way down my throat anyway.

Joey added, "The veterinarian he told me too that there wasn't more than a millionth chance Sarah would have kittens with wings like she had."

After a long while I found enough strength to get up. "Well, let's go, Ronnie," I said. "Kum see, kum saw." "What does that mean, Unk?"

"Got it from the Wild Man of Borneo," I said, sticking a new cigar in my mouth. "It means something like easy come, easy go."

Before I left, though, I ran my hand through towhead's hair and gave him a little pat. I don't know why I did it. ★

Don't Call Me Baby Face

Continued from page 9

I didn't feel myself hitting the floor. But I picked up the count at four. I started to get up and then remembered I shouldn't get up until nine. I watched Haley's hand and pushed myself to my feet just as it was coming up for the last time.

I tried to back away. Usually a fighter doesn't want to keep his knees straight but there are times when he wants to get them straight just to prove to himself he can do it. I couldn't. I felt my knees sinking.

Billy rushed me. I pawed him away. He hit me with another left. This wasn't quite as good a punch as the first one. The punch didn't black me out but it knocked me down again through its physical force. I went back on my shoulders and felt the canvas hitting me. If anything was hurting me I was not aware of it. I just felt hopelessly weak and the question in my mind was not whether I should stay down till nine but whether I would be able to get up at nine. I got up at nine and dropped across Petrolle's shoulders. I stuck to him, half falling and half clinging, until Haley drew us apart.

I saw another left coming and swayed under it and grabbed Petrolle again. Haley yanked me away. I tried to get my hands up. In my nightmares I had dreamed about a time when I wouldn't be able to get my hands up, in the same way that other people dream of the time they'll be walking down a busy street with nothing on. Now my hands weighed 8,000 pounds each and I couldn't get them up. I went into a low crouch, trying to get my head down to the level of my hands, and I bobbed and weaved the best I could.

Billy hit me some more punches before the round ended. I don't know how many. But they didn't have the weight of these earlier punches. You can get tired throwing punches too.

As any sensible and honest boxer would have done, Billy came out to finish me in the fifth. I won that round. I stopped trying to stay away from him and I threw both hands at him. When the right landed I hardly felt the broken bones.

A boxer's hands are always tightly bandaged before he puts the gloves on. The tight bandage and the tight glove held the broken bones in place and kept the swelling down. My hands were still too heavy to hold up and block Petrolle's punches with but, with the help of leverage from my shoulders and upper arms, they weren't too heavy to throw.

All through the fifth Billy and I threw punches at each other. We seldom missed or tried to make each other miss. I hit him in that round more often than he hit me, and just as hard. When the bell went we both stumbled toward the same corner. I felt a desperate tug of triumph as I saw Billy trying to beat me to my stool. I looked for Pop, but Pop wasn't there. Then I realized it was I, not Billy, who was headed for the wrong corner.

We fought the same way in the sixth, the seventh and the eighth. I didn't get around to reading about it until several days afterward, but one New York paper called it "the greatest fight in the memory of man." Neither of us was making any pretense of boxing. Billy was too intent on a knockout to worry about defense and I had no defense left. Billy beat me badly in each of these three rounds. In the sixth a spectator dropped dead of excitement. At the end of the seventh my good

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friend Jimmy Walker, then mayor of New York, left the Garden; he couldn't stand any more. At the end of the eighth my eyes were closing and there was a lot of blood around my mouth and nose and the crowd was yelling at Haley to stop it.

While Pop was sponging off my face Haley came over to the corner and leaned across his back. "I'm going to stop it," he said.

"Please don't stop it, Mr. Haley," I said.

"Stop it," Pop said.

"Please don't," I said. "I can still beat this boy."

"No," Pop said. "You'd better stop it, Mr. Haley."

Haley let it go on. In all my years with Pop that was the only major argument I won from him and the only major argument I wanted to win from him.

Mercy Was a Luxury

For more than half my life Pop Foster had been far more than a manager to me. He had been a mother and a father, a brother and a Dutch uncle, a teacher and friend. Our relationship being what it was his capacity to watch me take punishment could not possibly have equaled my capacity to take it. For once I honestly thought my judgment was better than his. I honestly thought I could stay on my feet for two more rounds. I honestly thought I had some kind of chance of winning. Anyway I wasn't quitting. I was fighting for money, but I always tried to earn the money. Once the bell went I felt that mercy was a luxury no fighter could afford to give or expect to receive. These were hard standards, but they were of my own choosing. They were not the kind of standards that you could change when the going got tough—not and hope to live with yourself.

Haley let me go out for the ninth round. Petrolle's arms were getting tired now, too, and more and more of his punches were going to the body. During this round and the 10th my head was clearer than it had been since the fourth. Billy was a better long puncher than I was and I was a better short puncher than he was. I got inside him to land a lot of short left jabs and a few rights in the ninth, but I was clubbing and poking him, not really hitting him. He outpunched me again in the 10th, a very hard and very long round for me. I didn't have to wait for the decision to know it was unanimous and for him.

Pop was crying when we got back to the dressing room. I didn't feel like crying until we got back to our room in the Bretton Hall Hotel at 86th and Broadway and looked in the mirror and saw for the first time what a mess Billy had made of me. Staring back at me out of what I could see of my eyes was the question every fighter has to ask himself some day. *How many more like this can you take before the damage moves inside? Or is your brain the only one that can never be hurt by punches?*

"Well, I guess that's that," I said.

"We'll see," Pop said.

The Season's Best Draw

I went on a fast for a week. I often did that after a hard fight, whether I won or lost. I'd drink nothing but fruit juice and nibble a little lettuce and celery. An animal that is sick or hurt or weary stops eating to give its system a chance to rest up and I thought the treatment made sense for a fighter who was feeling the same way.

My kidneys bled off and on for three weeks, but the doctors said there was nothing permanently wrong with them.

After the swelling went down my hand set cleanly. I was still disgusted and mad at myself, but I changed my mind about giving up.

"Pop," I said, "can I beat Petrolle?" "If you box him," Pop said. Once a point had been made Pop didn't believe in flogging it to death.

When my hand was well on the mend Pop and I made a trip back to Vancouver and from there we headed up the B. C. coast. We did a little hunting and chopped some wood and in the early spring we moved into a little cabin at Smith's Inlet and went salmon fishing. Pop had a commercial license. We'd go out together in a rowboat with a gill net. I'd row the boat and help handle the long net. Hauling it in and out of the water helped my shoulders and the constant exposure to salt water was good for my hands and a lot less monotonous than sitting around holding them in a pail of brine.

I fought Petrolle back at the Gardens on May 27, 1931. We drew \$82,377, the biggest house of the season. I boxed well and carefully. Billy swarmed in and tried to make it another rough-house, but my left was very sharp. I used my right very little and kept bouncing him back with my left and then moving away and then bouncing him back when he came in again. From the seventh round on I moved in on Billy. I felt him rock quite a few times, but as I've said he was a game tough fighter and I never moved him off his feet. It was a unanimous decision again, this time for me.

He wanted a rubber match and we fought it in Yankee Stadium in August. In an effort to get me to repeat the disastrous try for a fast knockout that I'd made in the first bout, Petrolle's manager, Jack Hurley, announced publicly that I'd shown a yellow streak in the first fight. Petrolle said in print that I was a coward. The fight was built up as a grudge fight. So far as I was concerned it never was.

A boxer who takes his work seriously has no more time for grudges than he has for pity. I assumed that Hurley and Petrolle said what they were saying either to help the gate or to needle me into doing something I knew better than to do. I didn't think they really meant it. If they did mean it I couldn't see what difference that made to me or my fight.

Not Sorry, Not Mad

I beat Petrolle very badly, much worse than I ever beat anybody before or since—worse, most of the boxing writers said, than he had beaten me the first time around. I still had no desire to prove that I could take his best punches, but I was determined to prove that I could punch better than he could. I outboxed him for the first three rounds and then when his hands started coming down I outpunched him in the last seven. By the sixth he was bleeding badly and by the ninth his right eye was completely closed.

It was a unanimous decision again, and there was a lot of speculation in the papers about my failure to knock him out. Some of the writers attributed this to chivalry and others to revenge. One of them, remembering what Hurley and Billy had said about me before the fight, wrote: "McLarnin made his answer last night and made it with a studied cruelty and viciousness that came straight from the heart. Toe to toe, punch for punch, he slugged Petrolle into submission and then deliberately set to work to slash his detractor to ribbons."

Neither theory was correct. I didn't feel sorry for Billy and I didn't feel mad at him either. My failure to knock him out was of his doing, not mine. If I had

wanted to forget about defense—and take the chance of catching another of his long lefts on the button—I guess I might have put him away. But it would have been a mistake to try.

Billy came into my dressing room afterward and asked me if I remembered a hard right hand I'd hit to the stomach in the eighth round. I said I did.

"You nearly killed me with that punch, Jimmy," he said. "My nose was bleeding. The blood was trickling down from my nose and I was swallowing it. When you hit me that one in the stomach I nearly died."

We shook hands. "I know how it feels, Billy," I said.

We all know how it feels, even those of us who were lucky and handed out two or three for every one we took. That's why, whenever somebody asks: "Was it fun, Jimmy?" I try to give the right answer.

I try specially hard to give the right answer if the person who wants to know happens to be a kid with stars in his eyes and a promising left hand. For one in 10,000 the money can be fast. But even for that one it never can be easy.

In the next chapter of his life story Jimmy McLarnin tells how he started fighting and how he met the remarkable longshoreman who was to make him welterweight champion of the world. ★

The Hero

Continued from page 19

rose from the arm of her chair. The physics Avery? I wonder if there's a chance in the world it could be—wait a minute, honey, I'll be right back."

There was a small commotion in front of Hilda when someone dropped a plate of canapes. Then she was drawn into an enthusiastic conversation about the Stanford-Cal game, to which several of the party were flying next week. After that, a football strategist made an expert diagnosis of tomorrow's game. Everyone listened eagerly. It was several minutes before Hilda looked around for Danny again. Neither he nor Mr. Avery was in the room.

She looked at her watch—5.25. She knew Danny had to be back for dinner with the team at 6, but surely he wouldn't leave without a word to her! Then she saw Mrs. Fulton hurrying across the room in her direction.

"Darling, you've simply got to pry Danny loose from that man! I can't get a word in edgewise—they simply wave me away!"

"You mean Mr. Avery? Where are they?"

"In the bathroom, of all places—it seems it was the only place they could talk. I'm sure the man is crazy—he's going on at great length about neutrons or electrons and Danny acts positively hypnotized. Be a dear, and see if you can't break it up."

"But, Mrs. Fulton, you know Danny's majoring in physics. If he really wants to talk to Mr. Avery—"

"But, heavens—physics at a party! And with all these people crazy to talk football. It looks so queer."

Hilda got up and walked through a crowded bedroom to the bathroom door. It was a little open, but even so, it afforded a degree of privacy. She gave the door a light push.

Mr. Avery was sitting on the edge of the tub, making little scrawls and figures on the back of an envelope, while Danny watched in complete absorption.

"Danny, it's 5.30. Haven't you got to be getting back?"



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GOOGIE WITHERS
In a Period of Difficulties and
Uncertainties,
The British Created, Regardless,
A New Era of Wonderful Nonsense.



This is still a vintage year for high comedy from London. The famous films which ushered in the trend now rate as all-time classics of unadulterated amusement—CHILTERN HUNDREDS, Ealing's TIGHT LITTLE ISLAND, KIND HEARTS AND CORONETS and PASS-PORT TO PIMLICO.

★ ★ ★
Analysing some of the most magnificent nonsense ever seen on the screen, S. Morgan-Powell, dean of Canadian critics, considers that British techniques in laughter differ from others as puff pastry does from doughnuts.

The new comedies still have that deft light touch and the daft story lines—for instance, A RUN FOR YOUR MONEY, the yarn about Welsh coal miners adrift in London with a hatful of wild ideas and a harp.

★ ★ ★
Among stand-out acting performances too numerous to mention, there are several special favorites with Canadians, notably Alec Guinness. Googie Withers, most skilled of beautiful comedienettes and vice versa, is about to be seen twice over. In TRAVELLER'S JOY, she assists in taking apart the hilarious problems of so-called wealthy Britons abroad. In ON APPROVAL, at last available to Canadians, she gallops with Beatrice Lillie through the Lonsdale story about engaged and disengaged couples.

Cecil Parker, veteran master in the art of the prolonged chuckle, reappears, after QUARTET and CHILTERN HUNDREDS, in TONY DRAWS A HORSE, a horse-laugh proposition which should be seen to be described.

★ ★ ★
With the fine acting and technical talent of the continent also making London its mecca and with British films going on location all over the globe, this has resulted in a new style of brilliant international film-making. A noteworthy example was RED SHOES.

Another one, PRELUDE TO FAME, is now on hand. This is an extraordinary example of the motion picture with music. The setting is Italian and the international cast is headed by a trio of Britain's best, Guy Rolfe, Kathleen Byron and Kathleen Ryan.

To be sure you see these fine films, ask for playdates at your local theatre.

An  Release

He looked up. His face had a bright, blind look, as though he hadn't yet pulled away from some inner vision.

"Oh—sure, we're both leaving. This is Mr. Avery, Hilda—Samuel Avery. You must have heard me speak of him—I've just finished reading his last book."

She and Mr. Avery nodded across the washbasin.

Danny looked longingly at the window. "There wouldn't happen to be a fire escape out there, would there? No, I was afraid not. Well, come on—let's buck the well-wishers."

The three of them cut a ruthless path through the party to the door. Danny's mother had a final word.

"Don't forget you're having dinner with us all tomorrow night after the game! Hilda too, of course. Your father has ordered imported champagne, so it is going to be a real celebration."

Danny groaned. "Suppose we lose? Can we get our money back on the champagne?"

"Don't be silly!" Her thin, ringed hand touched his cheek. "You couldn't lose the biggest game of the year."

Across the room a voice called out, "If we bring our programs to dinner, will you autograph 'em? Luck, big boy!"

"Luck!" they all sang out. "We'll be seeing you! Mow 'em down, Danny-boy, mow 'em down!"

THE marquee outside the hotel made a pool of light in the November dusk, and a cold wind swept the sidewalk.

"We'll pick up a bite somewhere," Mr. Avery said to Danny, as though he were no more aware of Hilda than of other strangers who had ridden down in the elevator with them. "Then, if you like, we'll drop around to my place. I have a dinner date I'll be glad to cancel." He hopped into a cigar store on the corner.

Hilda cried, "You can't go with him! You told me you had to be back at 6 o'clock."

He stood between her and the wind, and even in the dark she could feel the new life and glow in him. "Do you realize he's breaking a date to go on talking with me? That's something—that's really something! It isn't as though he had to start from scratch—I've read every word he's ever written!"

"Danny, you know what they'll think—that you're with me. Breaking training for me!"

"Can you tell a man like that 'sorry, some other time'? Tonight I've got to go home and get my sleep, lie on a bed like a hunk of roast beef for 9 hours, because there's a little game tomorrow."

"Little game! Why, there are people getting their sleep tonight just so they'll have pep enough to yell themselves hoarse for you tomorrow!" Her voice broke a little.

"You can't let them down, and your teammates, and your family, and—and me, because of a man you never met until an hour ago!"

As Mr. Avery stepped out of the cigar store, she turned and hurried in the opposite direction.

At ten o'clock there were still about a half dozen guests remaining in the Fulton suite. During the past hour tension had increased in the room. Danny was missing! Somebody had called the hotel as early as 7 o'clock to report his absence at dinner, and since then there had been other calls from assistant coaches and trainers, demanding his whereabouts.

Mrs. Fulton was tensest of all. She had changed to leopard print fireside pyjamas, and now she paced the floor,

smoking. Frequently she halted at the telephone.

"I'm going to call that girl again. I can't believe she doesn't know more than she pretends. After all, they left this room together."

"She says he didn't even take her home," Mr. Fulton reminded her glumly. "She knew he was already late, and she left him right outside the hotel."

"That's her story," Mrs. Fulton said sharply.

"I think," the big hotel man said impressively, "that this has become a matter for the police. The feeling about this game is running high—to say nothing of the money involved. I've heard of cases where rival teams or interested parties kidnapped a star player."

"Absolutely!" Mrs. Fulton's eyes flashed. "I've thought so all along. It's time the police were notified. You call them, Harry."

Mr. Fulton said sheepishly, "It seems kind of making him out a Mama's boy. Big husky kid like that, 21 years old. Why don't we try the girl again first? Could be he was out on a little party, and just now got in touch with her."

"An athlete doesn't go on a party the night before a game," Mrs. Fulton said coldly. But she glanced at the telephone pad for Hilda's number and put through the call.

They were all silent, listening. As Mrs. Fulton talked to Hilda, she moved restlessly, and stroked nervously at the cords in her neck. When she set down the instrument she faced them all in triumph.

"She does know more than she pretends! The only time she lost her poise was when I mentioned going to the police. She thought that was quite unnecessary. Certainly, she knows where he is! I definitely had the feeling there was a third person involved. Something in the tone of her voice."

Everybody looked startled. Mr. Fulton scratched his ear, and said in a hesitant, off-hand voice, "You know there was somebody else left with Danny and Hilda. You remember—that Avery bird."

"That's right," cried the woman with the blue-white curls, "Danny was talking to him in the bathroom. Oh, the queerest stuff—didn't make sense at all!"

Mrs. Fulton was on her feet again. "What's the man's phone number? Where does he live?"

IT TOOK some time to locate Mr. Avery. His number was unlisted. At last it occurred to Mr. Fulton to get in touch with a member of the Alumni staff, and after dragging in a few mutual acquaintances he was given the unlisted number.

The room was so silent now with suspense that the gentle nasal voice which answered this last effort was faintly audible to everybody. Then came Mr. Fulton's incredulous, "You mean he's there? Danny's there with you now?"

Mrs. Fulton snatched away the phone. "Let me speak to him!" And a moment later, "Danny, are you all right? Darling, don't you know you've had us all nearly crazy?"

When she had finished talking, she looked at her guests, her face flushed with something like embarrassment. "He was just about to leave. He didn't realize it was so late. It seems he got interested in some theory—I suppose he was flattered, an older man like that! And just forgot the time. Aren't boys incredible?"

"Call the coach and tell him," Mr. Fulton said, babbling with relief. "Coach'll have plenty to say to him. Course he's got every right to keep

Danny out of the game, breaking training like this. But he won't do it, not with a tough game like tomorrow. So, he's been spending the evening horsing around with physics. What a kid! Never mind, you wait till he gets out on that field tomorrow—he'll be serious enough then!"

SATURDAY afternoon was bright and cold—football weather. Hilda was to ride out to the stadium with friends, and meet the Fultons there. Danny had given her her ticket, one of a block of seats on the 50-yard line, which the Fulton party would occupy.

She had lived this moment many times before, threading through a crowd of football fans to watch Danny play, lost in yelling, jostling people, barkers with banners and peanuts and boutonnieres, hearing Danny's name on every side. And always she had had a lovely secret feeling of being an invisible princess, unknown and unmarked, but still Danny's girl. But not today.

She wished the game were over and that she and Danny could be alone. She wanted to ask him if last night had been worth the quarrel. She thought of the way the party guests had looked at him, as though he were a prize bull, and of the way Mr. Avery had not looked at him at all, until they had begun to talk together. He didn't know Danny, and yet he was the only one there who really cared what went on in Danny's mind. Suddenly Hilda wanted to tell him that she understood why he had gone away with a man who didn't know there was a game tomorrow.

She walked through the ramp numbered on her ticket and was directed to her row. Then she saw the Fulton party, and she waved and slid in. The big hotel man tucked her in beside him and patted his gurgling hip pocket.

"I've been saving a place for you. It's going to get cold pretty soon, but it's a great day for a game."

Yes, it was a great day. But for the next two hours she wouldn't be aware of the weather, she wouldn't know whether she was cold or warm. The band was playing now, the heavy beat throbbing in the pit of her stomach, and presently the players appeared, running out to a sharp burst of applause.

At once her eyes picked up the familiar 22, alive with significance among the blur of other numbers. The sight of the powerful, easy-moving figures reassured her, and she relaxed in her seat. All during the warm-up period she followed 22, until the whistle sounded. And then—in the opening skirmish—she lost him. She edged forward in her seat, seeking.

From three seats down she heard Mrs. Fulton's hoarse cry. "Harry—look! Danny's benched. Look—there—22. He's on the bench!"

It was true. Danny wasn't in the opening line-up! The Fulton party was in instant protest. Several people rose to shout, and Mr. Fulton made loud, menacing noises, full of astonishment and indignation.

"Of all the dopey stunts! What'd they bench him for? Just because a guy breaks a little training rule? Danny's got more than any other eleven guys put together; might as well try to play without the ball! Look at 'em—they can't even get started!"

And that was true, too. Hilda saw the team, Danny's team, go through its smart, practiced huddles, come out with snap and purpose, pause in their neat wing-back formations, tense, alive. But that was as far as they went. No back could get away. No pass was completed. And before the game was three minutes old, the oppos-

Continued on page 42

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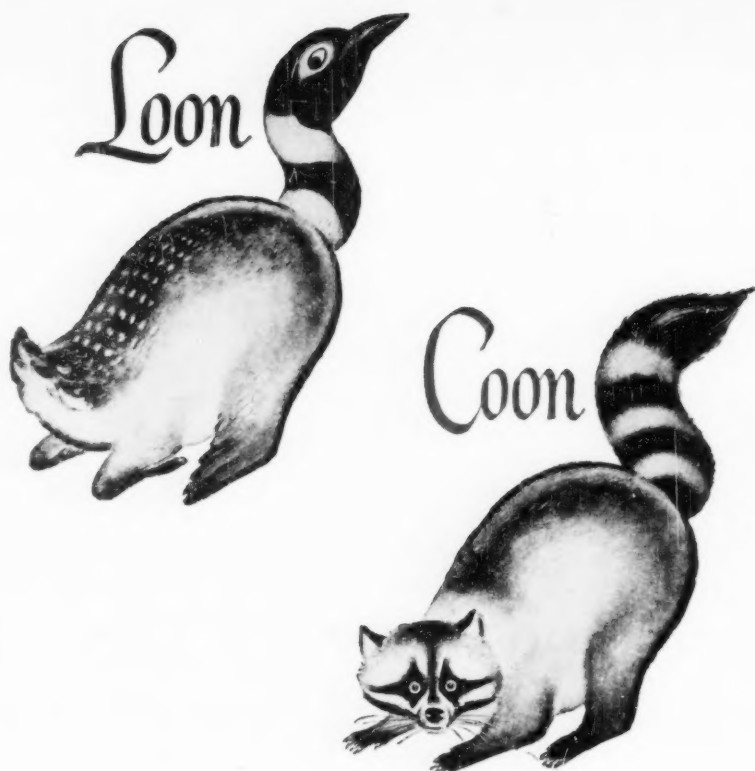
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Continued from page 40
ing team was in possession of the ball on their own 40 yard line. In three more minutes they had marched down the field to the first touchdown.

Hilda felt numb. She listened to the uproar around her, cries of "Where's Danny?" "Put him in—we want Danny!" She watched the game, but without the familiar number 22 to focus on, it was meaningless. When the whistle blew for the first quarter, she looked at the scoreboard and its stark, bleak message. The opposing team had made two touchdowns, but failed to convert, making the score 12 to 0.

The Fultons were crowing with triumphant I-told-you-so's.
"All right, we took our punishment! We swallowed our nice, nasty medicine. Now we'll get Danny in this game and beat the pants off those guys!"

They were right. At the start of the second quarter, Danny was in. Everybody was standing up, expectant and bright-eyed.

Danny made a touchdown five minutes later. The roar was deafening. The hotel man pounded her shoulder. When the conversion was good, making the score 12-7, he summed it up for everybody—"The game's in the bag—one more touchdown and she's ours!" But at the end of the half the score remained the same. Danny just hadn't seemed to get going.

A strange thing happened to Hilda during the last half. As those near her grew more frenzied, she grew calmer. She sat, cold and detached, watching the players as though she saw them in television, imagelike and remote. Even 22 was just a number now. And she saw precisely and in detail how it was that Danny lost the game.

Both teams had been playing ferocious football, the visitors fighting a defensive battle to keep the score as it was, and the home team, wildly offensive, throwing in everything for that victory touchdown. Everything except the big, sure-fire play built around Danny, the play he had told her about, never used except in practice, saved for an emergency like today's.

There were only a few minutes left. Danny's team had taken the ball in a series of straight line-smashing plays all the way from their own 10-yard line to the visitors' 20. Not once did Danny pass or run with the ball. If this was a deception to cover the touchdown play, it seemed awfully real.

For one down the team was stalled on that 20-yard line. Now—Hilda thought—this is it. This has got to be it. She saw the huddle, the snappy line-up, and she saw Danny streak around the left of the line, and turn for the pass as he crossed into the end zone. The ball sailed straight for him, but high. He reached into the air, snagged it, bobbled it, and it rolled to the ground—an incomplete pass.

She picked up the hotel man's binoculars, and had an instant's tiny vision of Danny's face. He looked puzzled. He was staring at the ball as though he had never seen it before, as though it were an incomprehensible new problem. Walking back, shoulders slumped under the heavy pads, Hilda had the feeling that he was thinking. Thinking about what? About his last chance gone? Or was it something else? She couldn't tell; the team was lining up for what would probably be the last play of the game.

Then an astonishing thing happened. Instead of trying to pass to someone else, instead of another new play, audaciously the quarter-back repeated the one which had just failed. Danny shot like a bullet to the exact spot in the end zone. And there, without a single opposing player anywhere near him, he opened his arms for the pass.

It was against all believable odds that Danny should fumble again. But the ball went through his hands as though they weren't there.

FAR across the stadium came the mighty roar of the victors, but around Hilda there was a low, guttural sound, half groan, half growl. Presently, although the final gun had not yet signaled the end of the game, there was a scattered movement toward departure, and voices.

"What happened?" "Somebody shoulda told that Fulton guy what side he was playing on!"

At the sound of the final gun they huddled back to let Mr. and Mrs. Fulton precede them, as though there had been a death in the family. In the buffeting crowds outside, conversation was mercifully impossible. But when they reached the exit where Hilda was to meet her own friends to ride back to town, she stopped and confronted the Fultons.

"Will you still be expecting me for dinner at the hotel?"

Mrs. Fulton nodded. Her face looked grey in the fading light.

"We shall cancel the party, of course. Danny is apparently not at all well. He'll hardly be in the mood for a celebration."

"You come, girly," Mr. Fulton mumbled, patting her shoulder. "Somebody's got to drink all that champagne—cheer us up."

"Oh, now, honestly!" Hilda's defiant ripple of laughter surprised even herself. "It's not as though Danny had committed a crime! It's just a game, after all."

Even as she spoke, she felt desperately sorry for the Fultons. The words formed in her mind—they're too old to be weaned away from childish things. They can't think; they can only feel. Then, blessedly, she saw her friends, and could say a hurried goodbye, and walk away from those shocked, pinched faces.

IT WASN'T very much like a party. Silently, the three Fultons and Hilda followed the headwaiter into the glittering dining room of the great hotel, and allowed themselves to be seated. The flowers on the table, the dinner music, the interested glances of other guests, didn't touch them. They ordered briefly, without appetite.

And yet, Hilda saw now, Danny was not unhappy. That new glow she had sensed in him was still there, banked to suit this wretched occasion, but still there.

"I'd like," he began determinedly, "to get my apologies said here and now. I guess I know how you feel, how everybody feels. Sure—all players have an off-day once in a while, without any apparent reason. But in this case you're convinced there was a reason, and I'm willing to concede that. And take the blame for it."

"You weren't feeling well," Mr. Fulton said heavily. "Maybe you're coming down with a cold. You were sick."

"No, I wasn't sick."
"If you'd only got to bed at a decent hour last night!" Mrs. Fulton said. "I shall never understand why you went off with that man. If it had been Hilda! But no, you left the poor child outside."
"I left him. I knew Danny couldn't walk out on a man like Mr. Avery. I wouldn't want him to."

Mr. Fulton pushed aside his plate, folded his thick hands, and spoke squarely to Danny. "All right, boy, you tell me. Just what's so fascinating about this bird, Avery, that you couldn't walk out on him?"

"That's a tough assignment—you're not interested in his subject. But this,

you can understand—this is the practical thing. Mr. Avery has offered me a job when I graduate in June. Do you know what that means? A chance to work with one of the greatest men in the country."

Mr. Fulton sat back and congratulated his wife. "Well. Now, that's something. It seems we've got brains in the family!"

Her tanned, ringed fingers crumbled a roll and her voice was dry. "Fortunately, we have a little capital, also. I gather that scientists are not lavishly compensated."

Danny said hotly, "What were you hoping would happen? That I'd play a one-man game today, and tomorrow the pros would come knocking at my door? Do you want me to spend my life playing games? I've loved football ever since I was a kid. I loved it right up to last year. But I'm not a kid any more—I'm through with games!"

Hilda said softly, "That's pretty exciting news, Danny."

"It's what I've always wanted. Exciting—sure—but what it excites is your mind, not your emotions. You open a door, and smack—there's a brand-new mystery. Oh, I can't tell you—I haven't had time to tell you yet!"

"I know. All this afternoon, watching you play, I was thinking of the way you were last night. I couldn't seem to concentrate on the game."

"Neither could I. I was still seeing a blackboard and a little piece of chalk moving across it. When I used to play football, I thought of nothing else in the world, not even you."

She smiled. "Neither will you think of me when you have that little piece of chalk in your hand."

"That's all right—so long as I know you're still there."

They had been talking as though they were alone. Now as the headwaiter approached the table, they looked around guiltily. Mr. and Mrs. Fulton were occupied in dogged pursuit of their food.

"Shall I open the champagne now, sir?"

Mr. Fulton nodded bleakly. "Might as well. That's what it was ordered for."

They all sat silent during the ritual of the cork-popping and the careful filling of the glasses. Suddenly Hilda burst out.

"Someday you'll be proud of him. You'll see. Not the way it used to be when you sat in a grandstand and heard thousands of people cheering him, but deep down proud."

Their faces didn't change. Nervously Hilda picked up her glass and set it down. "Why, that same magazine that ran Danny's picture had a picture of a scientist on the cover!"

"So it did," Mrs. Fulton said slowly, putting down her fork. "Remember, Harry, we've got the magazine at home? There's a big picture of some atomic scientist right on the cover."

Mr. Fulton brightened. "That's right—well, say, now." He was thoughtful for a moment, as though some profound adjustment was going on inside him. Then he lifted his glass. "Here's to science. Here's to the new job, Danny-boy."

They all lifted their glasses. Under the table, Danny's hand clasped Hilda's.

"Here's to victory," she said softly. "Mind over matter," he murmured, grinning.

The orchestra leader, seeing the little ceremony, stepped up the music, so that it seemed to float right out over their lifted glasses. ★

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PARTS AND SERVICE FROM COAST TO COAST IN CANADA

I'm Glad I Had Polio

Continued from page 23

get it. I've seen women burning up with the desire to walk. I've seen their faces as they tried to recapture the memory. It's a sight you don't easily forget.

Eventually I shuffled along for three short paces, then six, and I was graduated to a mechanical walker similar to the kind babies use. I was able to take quite a few steps under the watchful eye of our physiotherapist. But there

was a long way to go. As I completed a step my knees snapped back two inches farther than they should. I could stand on my feet okay and, theoretically, I should have been able to walk two steps, then rest, then two more, and so on, but my balance was completely missing. When I moved I was sure that I'd fall.

One day when I was feeling inordinately proud of having taken three steps. I passed the news to the head nurse, a middle-aged, birdlike, kindly woman who replied: "Aw, go on. I don't believe it." I told her to come tomorrow

during my physiotherapy treatment and I'd show her. The big moment arrived. I took two steps and fell in a heap. That nurse could have done a lot of damage with a few words of sympathy. But she did the right thing. She said: "That'll teach you to show off," and went on about her work.

Though I worked hard it seemed that I had reached the end of my resources. The few steps I could take were grotesque caricatures of a walk. One afternoon when my mother was visiting me I decided to surprise her and very proudly stood up and walked a few

steps. Since I had entered the hospital she had always seen me in bed or sitting in a wheel chair, and my appearance, as I stood up, was a dreadful shock to her. She was pale and silent for a moment. Then with a tremulous smile she said: "It's good to see you on your feet again, dear—it will be even better to have you home." Dad told me much later that when she returned that afternoon she cried for the first time since I had contracted polio.

The doctors decided that if I were to improve any more the atmosphere of my own home would be better for me. Mom, Bill and I left the hospital together three days before my 20th birthday. Mom and dad had redecorated my room completely. There was a telephone on the bedside table, a radio, books and cigarettes—no detail had been overlooked. The bed was one that months ago I had seen on display and described to dad when I got home for supper. The only jarring note was the fracture board under my mattress.

Being home sharpened my awareness of my disability. Mom and dad were models of tact and kindness but, through no fault of theirs, they were unable to carry out their share of the treatments. Mom could never quite manage to hide her dismay as she bathed me and she was always afraid of hurting me. Dad could hardly bear to watch my struggles at taking the few steps I was capable of. He always left the room, smoking furiously.

Bill Takes Charge

Then Bill took charge and my life changed. He knew anatomy from his study of medicine and he volunteered to take over my treatments. It was just in time. I was fed up with trying. I could hobble around. I could walk. What more was there to life? I was content to be a cripple as long as I was mobile.

But that wasn't good enough for Bill. He insisted I fight off my acceptance of a limp. When during the exercises I complained he was hurting me he would say: "Too bad. Don't be such a baby." He painstakingly charted my daily progress. In spite of his demanding third-year studies he came three times a day for four months. He forced me to walk the same few steps over and over again, losing his temper if I became lazy or careless, insisting that I could do better. He would not tolerate carelessness and ignored my protests that I didn't mind a limp. He was sure that I would be perfectly normal again.

Then the Medical Ball drew near, the big event in the lives of all the students, and I began to feel a little sorry for myself. One afternoon, two weeks before the ball, while Bill was giving me my exercises he told me that it was very important I walk exceptionally well that day. He had an anxious look in his eyes so I concentrated and ear-



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nestly tried to prevent my knee from snapping too far back.

When I sat down again looking very proud of myself Bill said quietly: "Would you like to go to the ball with me?" I made some completely feminine remark about not having anything to wear. Then visions of myself falling in front of all those people, embarrassing Bill, horrifying everyone, rushed to my mind. I decided Bill was just being chivalrous. I thanked him and refused. It did no good. He told me that if I could do something difficult once, like attending the ball on my first outing, from then on nothing would be too difficult.

Soft Music and Orchids

The night of the ball, pulling on my gown, fastening my flat-heeled evening slippers, rubbing perfume behind my ears, seemed a strange ritual. Bill sent me two little white orchids.

Being carried into the largest hotel in Ottawa was not the most natural way of making an entrance. As Bill remarked, most people usually have to be carried out of hotels. But once inside, with Bill's arm supporting me and reassuringly strong, I walked to our table.

The soft music, the laughter and the talk. Flowers. Lights. The friends coming to our table to say hello. It was the most perfect evening of my life. I didn't feel left out or different from anyone else. My heart ached from too much gratitude.

Then the lights were dimmed, the orchestra began to play. Bill and I were alone at our table. He took my hand and asked me if I'd like to dance. I nodded, but the minute I stood on the edge of the dance floor, panic gripped me. I was sure the in-co-ordination was back. I couldn't remember how to lift my feet. Mentally I turned and ran from the ballroom to my room where everything was safe and familiar.

Bill scowled at my wilting orchids, said: "With what they cost you'd think they'd last the night." Suddenly I was dancing.

We might not have run away with the first prize that night, but it was dancing. I closed my eyes tightly to keep the tears from falling and thanked God for being alive.

Now People Say "Hi!"

From that wonderful night forward I rapidly improved. My mental attitude had switched and far from accepting the prospect of life as a cripple I was demanding a complete return to normal. And soon I was able to go back to my job.

By the way, it doesn't seem to be generally known that about 50% of diagnosed cases of polio recover completely; about 5% are totally disabled, about 40% suffer only minor disability, and only about 4% die. Of the three other women in my room at the Civic Hospital the elderly deaf woman is still there and still cheerful; Esther had a very mild case and was discharged in a few days; Joan has completely recovered except for a bit of difficulty going up and down stairs.

Myself, I'm 98% cured. When the weather is damp, or if I'm a few minutes late for work and run from the streetcar I develop a slight limp. People no longer say: "How are you?" They say: "Hi!" And I walk. I walk everywhere. I take my time and look around at the wonderful world. I often think of the interne who one day told me: "I envy you. You have a handicap. You'll be a better person. You'll learn how to appreciate life."

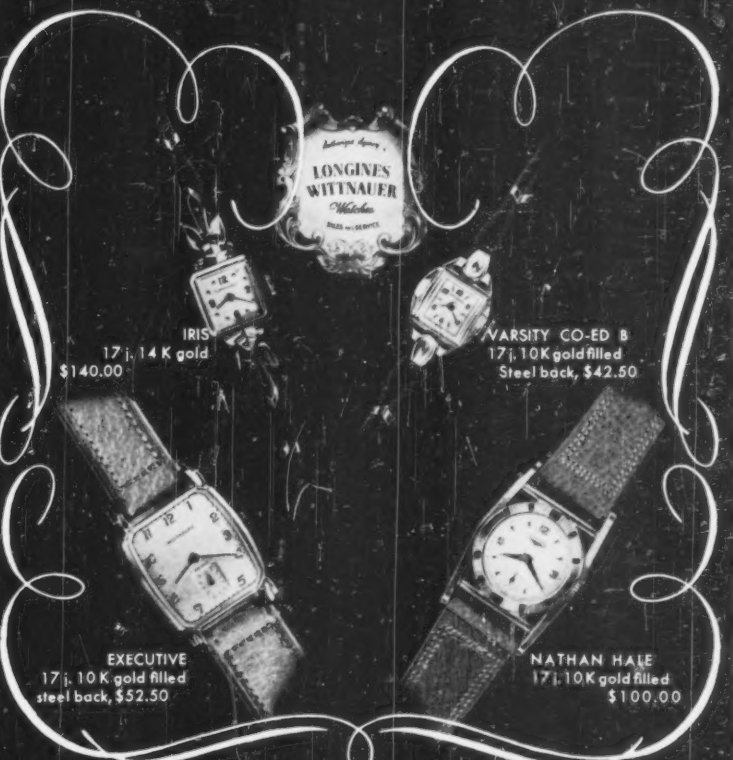
I know what he meant now. I'm glad I had polio. ★

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Maybe Your Child's a Genius

Continued from page 24

problem? Canadian teachers are using intelligence tests more widely every year. The University of Toronto vocational guidance centre sends out 300,000 to 400,000 I.Q. papers each year. Thousands more are supplied by the University of Saskatchewan, University of British Columbia, and U. S. distributors.

There is no official control over distribution of the tests. All are used at the discretion of teachers or at the direction of local school authorities. A few teachers seek advice from the vocational guidance branches of the provincial departments of education and are warned of the dangers and limitations, but the majority breeze ahead with the tests and feel they are being modern and scientific.

Says M. D. Parmenter, director of Toronto University vocational guidance centre: "We try to make sure that only qualified teachers are supplied with tests, but it isn't always possible. Parents are frequently alarmed unnecessarily and students suffer when tests get in the hands of people who base too much on them."

And Dr. John A. Long, head of the Ontario College of Education's department of educational research: "The I.Q. is an invaluable guide in handling students. But it means little by itself; other information about the student must be considered at the same time. Parents and teachers must be made to understand its limitations. A good deal of the tests are managed so carelessly they do more harm than good."

What is an intelligence test and how is the I.Q. worked out?

There are several hundred different tests (see sample on page 24) with from 50 to 200 quick questions slanted for different ages. Some are aimed at evaluating character, others seek to measure special aptitudes, some are specially designed to trap cheaters. One of the latter variety has answers printed on the back of the question sheet and the child is warned not to peek—the answers are wrong. Then there are the performance tests which require the student to do something rather than simply answer questions: assemble jigsaw pictures, arrange blocks in a certain pattern.

The tests are standardized to produce average scores (intelligence quotients) for each age group. When a child's mental age—as revealed by an I.Q. test—is equal to his actual age he is said to be "normal" and scores 100. Thus a six-year-old with a mental age of 10 has an I.Q. of 10/6 or 166, very high.

The U. S. Army was responsible for first popularizing I.Q. tests when in 1917 it began using a test to discover the mental quality of recruit groups. It wasn't long before the idea of measuring a child's intelligence early

ANSWERS TO TEST YOUR OWN I.Q.

(Questions on page 24)

1, acre; 2, 40; 3, hand; 4, mind-ful; 5, harmful; 6, W; 7, No. 3; 8, Saturday; 9, N; 10, No. 3.

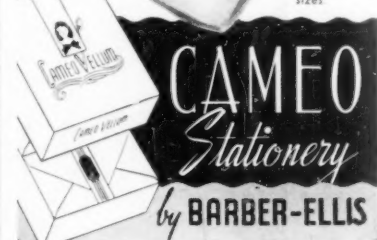
If you got eight or more correct in four minutes your score on a complete I.Q. test would probably be high; six to eight correct is average; under six, well, don't worry, you could still be a genius.

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then planning his education around the result spread rapidly. Some enthusiasts went so far as to say that the I.Q. told at the age of four what a child could know at 16.

About 10 years ago education researchers first began to doubt the value of the tests. They found that a child's personal I.Q. could change plenty. In one project covering 1,000 children, 14 I.Q.s in two-and-a-half years changed 40 to 50 points—the difference between feeble-mindedness and genius.

Recent studies have now proved that intelligence is not decided solely by heredity—environment is also very important. Most convincing proof of this is the study of orphaned identical twins raised in different foster homes. Identical twins inherit the same mental capacities, yet if one twin is raised in an intellectual home and the other in a backward home, the twin from the better home will have a much higher I.Q. by adolescence.

Baker Goes With Bread

The accuracy of any intelligence test depends on all the children tested having had equal opportunity to learn the information required. So the following question doesn't make sense: "Symphony is to composer as book is to . . . paper, sculptor, author, musician?" Many children from average homes can't even make a start at the question simply because they are not aware of the relationship of symphony and composer. Asked this actual question only 52% of a group of children from lower-income homes answered "author." But when the question was changed to "Baker goes with bread as carpenter goes with . . . spoon, pen, saw, easel?" the average of the same children shot up.

The really brilliant, creative child is definitely penalized by the I.Q. test. High intelligence reveals itself in a capacity for producing distinctly original ideas and a child so blessed finds ready-made questions with a single acceptable answer an obstacle to thought rather than a stimulator.

A common error is inept administering of tests. A test must be given in exactly the same standard manner at all times, otherwise the I.Q.s derived may be miles off. The instructions must be in the same wording every time, timing allotments rigidly observed. (A watch with second hand is a must.)

Frequently illness, fatigue, nervousness or other emotional disturbance in a student will cause a poor showing in the tests. Some adolescents become self-conscious when they realize their "brains are being read."

A vocational guidance supervisor once tested a girl whom he regarded above normal in intelligence, discovered that her I.Q. was 85. He suggested tactfully that the university course she contemplated might be more than she could handle. Then he asked casually how she had liked the test.

"I couldn't think that morning," she

said. "My dog died the night before."

In a second test her I.Q. turned out to be 120.

Even items in the tests themselves have sometimes a damaging emotional effect. One contained the following sentence: "Police found the body of a girl cut into 18 pieces. It is believed she killed herself." The student was asked to point out the absurdity. Some children would be doing well up to this question, then fail badly on everything after it. The sentence was so disturbing it spoiled their concentration.

A bright boy moved to a new school and was given an I.Q. test. He had never seen a test before and to him most of the questions appeared trivial and silly. ("Floor is to ceiling as ground is to . . . earth, sky, hill, grass?") He thought a joke was being played on him and gave foolish replies. He remained two months in a class for awkward pupils before the testing error was discovered. This inclination to take the tests as a joke is not uncommon among superior students with a show-off tendency.

Energy, desire for achievement, good work habits, concentrating power and persistence can frequently nullify a low I.Q. Similarly, lack of these qualities may handicap a student with a high I.Q. and he will be a failure. Social attitude, leadership ability and a faculty for getting along with others are as important as intelligence in practically any field.

A 1947 survey at the University of New Brunswick showed that in 50% of college failures something other than mental aptitude was responsible. U. S. studies of high I.Q. students reveal that usually 5% to 10% are below average in school work.

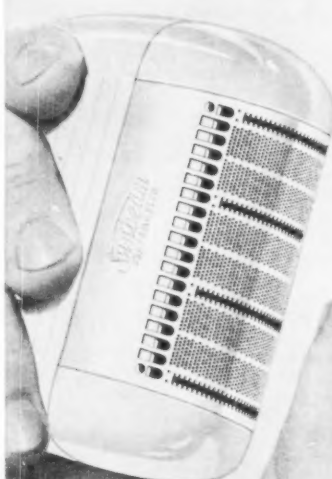
Fundamentally, however, the I.Q. is misleading because teachers untrained in psychological testing and uninformed parents take it that way. In a few Canadian schools with teachers who have taken courses in the proper administration and use of intelligence tests the I.Q. is doing a good job. In Ontario 900 out of about 23,000 teachers have taken such courses; a smaller percentage in other provinces.

An I.Q. test, properly administered, can sometimes indicate whether a retarded pupil is lazy or whether he needs instruction in a special class. It can be an important finger post for vocational guidance officers. With delinquents it can be of use, as high I.Q. delinquents must be handled differently from those below normal.

The I.Q. sometimes reveals emotional disturbances that might otherwise remain hidden. A boy aged 10, thought very backward at school, was found to have an I.Q. of 120. A psychologist discovered that when the boy was 3 a daughter was born in his family and the parents turned all their attention to the new child. The boy quickly discovered that when he was a good boy he got no attention; when he was bad he received plenty. And he liked it. ★

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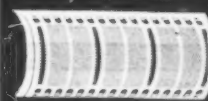
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* This figure is based on surveys by two national magazines

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NEXT ISSUE

A License to Murder?

By Fred Bodsworth

Did you know that Canadian provinces are handing out driving licenses like dog tags? In fact, one man did get a license for his dog. You can't afford to miss this startling story.

OCT. 15 ISSUE

ON SALE OCT. 11

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W. F. Young, Inc.,
Lyman House,
Montreal.

She's Organizing Eaton's

Continued from page 20

when other girls were going to dances. Her background, which is of a moderate-income family with a high degree of respectability, has endowed her with gracious manners and remarkable tact which astound some people who think union organizers are the type who lick the butter knife.

Eileen is driven by an urge to unionize everything that moves. When she worked for the Steelworkers she organized her fellow workers in the union office into a local of the Office and Professional Workers' Union and bargained for three weeks' vacation with pay, a seven-hour day and equal pay for equal work. But she's never in her life worked such an abbreviated schedule herself.

Eileen's femininity and charm make her admirably suited for the union work that has become her specialty: organizing white-collar workers. There is no more difficult job in the field of organizing. Macy's department store in New York City took seven years to organize 10 years ago; Eaton's has taken three so far, but many experienced organizers figured it for five, if ever.

Three Peanuts Per Head

Even among those who have joined the union there has been no marked tendency to advertise the boss as an ogre. Among those who haven't joined, and presumably think the boss is doing as well by them as the union could or would, there are no longer—as there were in the early stages of its recruiting drive—many signs of active hostility toward the union. This doesn't mean the campaign hasn't been a colorful one.

Eileen has employed many stunts to win union members and influence employees. One gimmick was to have a union shopping day. Wives of all union card holders in Toronto were asked to shop in Eaton's on the same day, carrying shopping bags labeled "Join Local 1000" (the number assigned to the Eaton's local) and bearing badges proclaiming, "My husband is a Union Man. Join Local 1,000."

Another stunt was to distribute to children yellow balloons bearing the slogan, "Join Local 1,000 NOW." These were filled with helium and unexpectedly gave union organizers their best laugh of the campaign. One small boy let go the string holding his balloon and it sailed up to the ceiling of the main floor. He began to cry and to placate him a crimson-faced manager climbed a stepladder to retrieve it.

Another time distributors passed out tiny white paper bags containing three peanuts labeled, "Don't Work for Peanuts, Join Local 1,000 NOW." On April Fool's Day the cover of a folder was inscribed, "What you will get by staying out of Local 1,000 from the T. Eaton Company." Inside were blank pages.

On Eaton's Opportunity Day, a sale day in Eaton stores, the union distributed a sheet laid out like a newspaper advertisement. The specials included, "An automatic washing machine . . . \$259.50, which a \$5-a-week wage increase could buy in two years; a trip to Bermuda by air . . . \$132, which a \$3-a-week raise would buy in little over two years; a television set . . . \$300, which a \$6-a-week raise would buy in a year and a half."

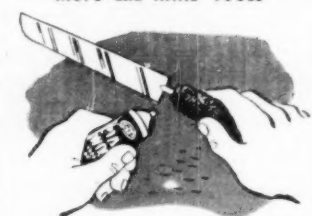
Most effective of the stunts was the shopping day, which came in the middle of an all-out drive a year ago. Organizers distributed leaflets to employees every day; trucks plastered with



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Look for the trademark "Vaseline"—it is your guarantee of the highest quality petroleum jelly. Jars 15¢, 20¢, 30¢. Tubes 20¢, 25¢, 30¢.

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PLASTIC WOOD is easy to use. Handles just like putty—hardens into wood. It can be sawed, sanded and painted. Ideal for home or workshop. Get a tube today.



posters glided past the employees' entrances at strategic moments. The hustle produced 900 new members.

At the time of writing Eileen said she had close to 6,500 signed union cards and was planning to ask the Ontario Labor Relations Board for certification in September. Under comparatively recent labor legislation employers are compelled by law to bargain with unions certified by the board. To receive certification the union must prove that 51% of the employees have joined the union and paid their initiation fee. Eileen wants to have 7,000 Eaton's employees signed up before she approaches the board.

The new local, if certified, will meet with the directors of the T. Eaton Company. Employees have been informed that among the union objectives are the raising of minimum wages to \$35 a week for both sexes (some women employees start now at \$22) and a five-day week. Store employees now work 5½ days except in the summer months. It will also ask for such union-made accessories as closed shop, equal pay for equal work, greater job security, extension of the pension plan, a system to bring grievances to management and certain rights for senior employees.

A Salary From Steelworkers

The decision to organize Eaton's was made in 1947 by the Canadian Congress of Labor. The Toronto establishment was chosen over stores in Winnipeg, Vancouver or Halifax because the big organization job could be handled more economically close to labor's head offices.

Eileen Tallman operates out of a three-room headquarters over a restaurant across the street from Eaton's mail-order warehouse. The first office contains two secretaries' desks and filing cabinets; the second, the walls of which are covered with graphs showing the progress of the campaign (teams get gold stars for filling their quotas), is for her staff of organizers; the last office, large and airy with plenty of floor space for stewards' meetings, is hers. Her desk is pushed in one corner; in front of her mounted on the wall are samples of the leaflet called "Unionize" which she helps distribute every week to employees.

Charles Millard, MPP and head of the Steelworkers in Canada, lent Eileen to the Department Store Organizing Committee that the Congress of Labor set up. The Steelworkers' Union has been paying Eileen's salary ever since. She draws about \$3,000 a year, works anywhere from a 10- to an 18-hour day.

Eileen is physically tough. Once she attended a union meeting until 2 a.m., went home and whipped herself up a hat (she sews a lot of her own clothes), then turned up at the office at 7 the same morning.

When Eileen was given the job of organizing Eaton's she spent the first two weeks walking through the stores—the main downtown store on Yonge Street, the annex, the mail-order catalogue showroom, the swank College Street store—trying to estimate the labor force and the number of departments into which the employees are divided. She counted better than 200, later discovered there are more than 400. She was careful to ask no questions, but she couldn't resist doing some shopping—all the union organizers on the Eaton campaign have been shopping exclusively at Eaton's.

Then she rounded up a team: Lynn Williams, a former YMCA instructor and son of a Hamilton church minister; Walter Ross, an experienced union man; Marjorie Gow, brilliant publicity woman with the Steelworkers for many

years; and Angus Sumner, loaned by the Retail, Wholesale Union in the States. Sumner and Miss Gow later had breakdowns and are not now with the committee.

In 1942 the Congress of Labor had made its first attempt at organizing Eaton's and the Robert Simpson Company in Toronto and had given up after two or three months.

Eileen inherited from this inconclusive effort the names of about 400 Eaton's employees who had been interested in the union movement at that time. She and her team checked through the city directory to get the addresses of the 400 and find out how many were still with Eaton's. Only 100 were.

The hard part of the campaign began then. None of the five owned an automobile, so by streetcar they set out to call on the 100 in the evenings. "We'd take a list of 10 names and addresses every night," recalls Eileen wryly. "We'd figure ourselves lucky if we found three in."

The team made 1,000 house calls and eventually rounded up 250 employees who agreed to be union stewards, the core of a union. This nucleus would head the drive within the store, keep organizers informed of policies, sign up members during lunch periods in the store cafeterias. Eileen thinks the most important part of the job was done right there.

"Those 250 people represented 250 departments," she relates. "We didn't have six people in the shoe department and no one in linens. It was tougher to get them scattered, but we figured it was vital."

She called a meeting of the 250 for Jan. 12, 1948, and more than 200 showed up. With this beginning Eileen started handing out 10,000 pastel four-page leaflets called "Unionize" every Tuesday morning at the employees' entrances. It requires 20 nimble-fingered distributors to cover the 11 entrances but Eileen had no trouble getting volunteers to help her team. Secretaries from other union offices got up two hours earlier on Tuesday as a matter of course, organizers from other unions helped regularly. Lately most of the distributors are Eaton's employees.

A Pamphlet For the Boss

At first many employees refused to accept the leaflet at all, others conspicuously tore them up and wiped their feet on them. "I enjoyed watching them do that," recalls a volunteer distributor, Margot Thompson, of the Steelworkers. "A few real hard antis will stir up the pros. Once when I was handing out leaflets for the Packing-house Workers at the Colgate plant I came back and told Fred Dowling, the head of the union, that everyone had been pleasant and cordial, no one had torn up a leaflet. He shook his head in gloom and said we'd never organize them. We never have either."

Through the pages of "Unionize" the union keeps employees of Eaton's informed of alleged inequalities in pay, raises in various departments and airs charges of unfair treatment of employees and poor working conditions.

A recent check by the union showed that less than 4% of Eaton's employees were still refusing the leaflets, none were being destroyed.

John David Eaton, president of the company, uses the James Street employees' entrance of the main store and Eileen Tallman frequently has handed him leaflets. He smiles cordially and thanks her and once handed his leaflet to a caretaker standing near the door. He grinned and said to the man, "Here, you need this more than I do."

Criticism of the Eatons themselves is almost nonexistent in "Unionize." John David Eaton is never attacked, and department managers, who have wide authority, bear the brunt of union criticism.

"Unionize," which now is edited by Eileen since Marjorie Gow's illness last spring, has made much of the fact that unskilled women employees of unionized Canada Packers earn a minimum of \$36.52 a week (compared with Eaton's minimum of \$22).

One of Eileen's biggest difficulties has, she claims, been the relatively large

turnover in staff, which she estimates at from 20% to 30% every year. Her files hold the union cards of 2,000 former Eaton employees who have left the store for other employment, or to get married. "With those cards we could have been certified a year ago," she says. "We have to work like fools to keep the membership from dropping, let alone trying to build it up."

Eileen's team now consists of two secretaries in the office, Ernie Arnold, who handles the mail-order division, Olive Richardson, a stunning blond beauty who is particularly effective in

the haughty salon shops of the College Street store and three university students who are helping during their summer vacation, as well as Williams and Ross from the original group.

Besides continuing with the house calls (Williams now has a car and the organizers borrow it freely) members of the team travel all over Ontario speaking to union meetings to get funds for the campaign. Biggest donor has been the affluent Steelworkers, who handed over a cheque for \$25,000 last summer, but the Amalgamated Clothing Workers has given \$20,000, the

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Canadian Brotherhood of Railway Employees \$4,000, Textile Workers' Union of America \$2,000, the United Automobile Workers' Union \$1,400, and on down the scale to \$25 from small locals. In the past year and a half, 228 locals have contributed better than \$15,000.

Eileen handles all the paper work and keeps a big and efficient filing system up to date. Since few union organizers have her business experience her office is serving as a model for future campaigns.

Eileen was born in Montreal, the only child of Mrs. Tallman and the late C. H. Tallman, a men's clothing salesman who made a moderate income all his life. The family moved to Toronto when she was young and she attended high school here, graduating in 1930 in time to catch the blast of the depression. She went to business college, ended her term there by being hired as a teacher and went from that to a variety of secretarial jobs, mostly in small offices.

Father Was a Tory

One of them was a secretary to a woman with Socialist beliefs who asked her to help with a dramatic skit she was working on for a CCF youth group. Eileen began dating with members of the group, gradually became more and more interested in labor problems.

Eileen's father, a staunch Conservative, got the shock of his life when he tolerantly slowed down one evening to listen to "those crazy Socialists" conducting a street-corner meeting and discovered the principal speaker was his daughter. After that father and daughter cheerfully pitched in against one another in election campaigns and the Conservatives always won. Her father died just before the CCF won the riding for the first time.

Eileen started her union activities with a failure. She left a \$25-a-week job with Canadian Industries Ltd. in 1942 to take less money to try to organize the one group in the country that is more difficult to organize than department store employees—bank clerks.

Working with no capital and sharing a desk and phone with three men, one of whom was organizing packinghouse workers, another rubber workers and the third garage mechanics, Eileen established seven locals in banks in Toronto with about 1,000 members.

Montreal employees of the Banque Canadienne Nationale staged a strike for union recognition and Eileen went to Montreal to help during the crisis, which lasted three weeks. She returned to Toronto to find the locals there had folded.

The Steelworkers then hired her to

help organize the 17,000 employees of the John Inglis plant in Toronto, which was then one of the country's foremost war plants. The union there developed quickly but for the organizers themselves the Inglis plant was a salt mine. Eileen got up at 5 a.m. to pass out leaflets to the early shift, stayed up until past midnight to pass leaflets to the swing shift. Her main effort centred on the 7,000 turbaned women in grey coveralls who streamed in and out. She added a final lick with her specialty—white-collar workers—and got the office staff into a union as well.

War in the Backwater

At the end of a year of organizing the union signed a contract with John Inglis and Eileen promptly collapsed with a nervous breakdown, weighing 100 pounds with her hands full of leaflets.

The Steelworkers' Union, grateful and contrite, then removed her for a scheduled three months to an intended backwater in Vancouver, editing a paper for the Vancouver Labor Council. But she found unions on the west coast in the midst of a civil war: Communists had infiltrated and were in control of many powerful unions.

The CCL, with which the Steelworkers is affiliated, has endorsed the Socialist CCF for its political arm. Some Canadians still lump unionists and Bolsheviks together in one red morass. Organizers (but not Eileen to date) frequently are requested by workers they are trying to organize to "go back to Moscow." Eileen feels that this misunderstanding is a national tragedy; the fact is, she maintains, that unions have been the worst enemies Communism has in this country.

The three months' rest stretched into a three-and-a-half year hitch, which ended in 1947 when the Congress of Labor decided to attempt the Eaton's organization.

She'll Shop at Simpson's

Today Eileen lives in a Toronto duplex with her mother. She recently bought a record player and is building up a collection of jazz classics, purchasing a good many records at Eaton's. She is planning to take her business elsewhere, however, as soon as the Eaton's campaign is finished.

"I think the logical place to go from here would be across the street into Simpson's," she reflects. The Retail, Wholesale and Department Store Union envisages sending her across the country, organizing Eaton stores as she goes.

"That's all right with me," Eileen grins. "I'll go wherever I can do some good. I'll even take a whirl at those bank clerks again." ★

NEXT ISSUE

The Greatest Danger Is In Europe

By Matthew Halton

In this searching analysis a well-known commentator points to the dangers of neglecting European defense while the eyes of the world focus on the Far East. We're not ready, he says.

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Who Should Handle The Family's Money?

Continued from page 13

paid up. If the stocks lost value the family still would have its basic protection.

Before investing in bonds or stocks get all the advice you can. Speak to your banker (several if you can). If a company offering stock is unknown to you ask your local Better Business Bureau if it's a recognized investment, or if there's anything shady in the background of its promoters. If you're dubious about the statements made by one securities dealer check with others.

For ordinary savings, joint accounts on which either husband or wife can draw are increasingly popular, banks report, specially among younger couples and those very old. (The oldsters like this arrangement because it sometimes eliminates the need for a will while making sure the money goes to a particular person in case of death.) There was trouble during the war when some men married in haste, put their savings in joint accounts, then came home to find them closed. There are also continuing instances of husbands (and sometimes wives) getting involved in gambling and secretly emptying joint accounts. But these are the exceptions and bankers feel joint accounts work well when husband and wife trust each other completely.

Saving in Secret

Not all couples do. Bankers say a surprising number of wives have secret accounts, generally to protect money a man might use for a car or other spending the wife doesn't consider vital. The women are generally more concerned about their children's needs.

There's another type of joint account which eliminates any chance one partner will shanghai the cash—both signatures are required for withdrawals. Bankers aren't too keen on this arrangement because sometimes wife or husband seeks a solo withdrawal. The plea often is that the other person is too sick to sign an authorization, but the bankers can't be sure.

When you want to keep money in your name but make sure it goes to a particular person on your death a savings account can be held "in trust" for the second person.

Savings accounts aren't as convenient as current accounts but do draw interest. Also you may have to pay a fee for a current account if you maintain a little money in it and draw quite a few cheques.

Families manage financial affairs more efficiently if they set aside a definite place where records are kept and family business transacted. It can be a desk, shelf or chest, but should have space for paid and unpaid bills, the budget book, and guides and pamphlets on money management available from banks, government and other agencies. For example, you can get informative pamphlets from the Better Business Bureau in the larger cities for the price of a three-cent stamp apiece. These cover such subjects as how to buy fuel, confidence schemes that may take your money, how to buy or build a home, what you ought to know about business.

It's wise to avoid making record-keeping so detailed and penny-watchful it becomes burdensome, and the family tosses planning overboard in favor of just drifting. Sharing of decisions will do much to eliminate quarrels. But continuing forbearance is vital. The husband can't bird-dog his wife's every grocery expenditure as long as she stays

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within the agreed-on bounds. She on the other hand will be wise not to dig too deeply into his manner of spending his own money, or dig down too often into his pockets to cover up her own shortages.

One puzzler for many husbands is whether they can trust their wives' financial sense enough to leave their insurance in a lump sum, or plan it as monthly income.

"That depends on the wife," insurance advisers comment. "If she's a flibbertygibbet who might spend it quickly or invest unwisely the income

plan is safest. But if she's a sensible woman who will seek sound counsel she might make the cheque produce more income than by leaving it with the insurance company. Even a \$10,000 policy provides only \$50-60 a month in cases if paid on an income basis."

Frank Hunter, of the Bank of Montreal, says it's unusual for widows to waste money left to them.

Some male diehards may grumble that men should never have started all this by giving women the vote. But let me cite my case. My wife handles *all* our money except insurance and taxes.

Has Russia Really Got The Bomb?

Continued from page 5

commentator and his dispatches appeared in newspapers all over the world. No one can deny he played a powerful part in the defeat of Hitler.

When he arrived in London this time he was taken over by the British Communists and their bible, the Daily Worker, and it was at once arranged that he should address a meeting in Trafalgar Square with Nelson looking down on him through his one good eye. A great crowd turned out and there was a corps of police to see that no harm came to our distinguished visitor.

Ehrenburg spoke in Russian, but his words were translated by an interpreter. He told of Russia's longing for peace and denounced American aggression in Korea. The Soviet wanted all nations to govern themselves, each in its own fashion with no interference from outside. That was why the World War II was fought. But if there was to be peace then all its lovers should combine against the base imperialists of the West who were determined to stamp out freedom.

The Communists clapped loud and long, but a miserable Tory in the crowd swore that he saw Nelson wink.

Ehrenburg next addressed a big audience at the Holborn Hall and said with admirable tact that it was a great regret that he could not speak English but he was glad to report that English was now taught in Russia's secondary schools and even in many village schools—not because it is the language of Washington Press conferences but because it is the language of Shakespeare, Swift, Thackeray, Byron, Shelley, Keats and Dickens. He had been told to be cultural and he was determined to obey orders.

Toward the end he faltered on the strict path of virtue. "Why do so many British journalists and politicians now speak of Russians no longer as allies but as tomorrow's adversaries? Where did that change begin?"—here he scowled—"At Fulton, and it came from a man looked upon as a good representative of the good old England—Winston Churchill."

This was greeted with immense enthusiasm. There is no one so hated by the long-haired culturists as that wicked old man who insists upon saying what he thinks.

Next day in the House of Commons we were debating foreign affairs when the lively youngish Socialist M.P., Richard Crossman, who was once an Oxford don, told of a luncheon he had just had with Ehrenburg during which the eminent visitor had said: "Neither France nor Britain could fight another war. The only difference is that Britain does not know it."

As usual there were some eyebrows raised at an M.P. consorting with the devil but most of us thought the

anecdote was a good one and that it expressed the Russian point of view very well. But to our surprise Ehrenburg issued an emphatic denial and also complained that Crossman had committed a breach of confidence as the luncheon was supposed to be private. Seldom has there been so strange a repudiation. In effect Ehrenburg declared that he had not said it and, as it was a private conversation, Crossman had no right to repeat it.

My own feelings were somewhat mixed for I had accepted an invitation for that very evening from the Society for Cultural Relations with the U. S. S. R. to meet the gentleman in question. If we were not to talk then what was the use of going, and if we did talk why should it be private? With a somewhat confused purpose I drove to a house in Kensington Square, the headquarters of the society, and found myself in the presence of some very intense females, a number of theatre and film people, three former Labor M.P.s who had been drummed out of the party and defeated at the polls for being fellow travelers, a sprinkling of prominent men in the Communist Party, and half a dozen officials from the Russian Embassy.

Almost at once I was taken to a corner and introduced to the great man from Moscow. He is in his late 50s, with grey hair, and with eyes that are almost blue. It is an intelligent face that somehow seems to have lost the sparkle it must have had in former years. Once those eyes were humorous,

I'd also probably handle the investments if we had any. At the end of each month we check up. If we're managing our respective departments well we close the books. If not we chip in on solutions. Rather than resigning any male prerogatives I feel like the chairman of the board.

As for womanly extravagances, I find my wife is definitely tighter with cash now that she has charge of it than when I doled it out to her. Then, what I gave her she spent. Now, as a lawyer friend of mine groans, "I can't get my wife to part with a dollar." ★

now they are quizzical and rather sad. He may have been tired, but there is a difference between the fatigue of the body and the fatigue of the soul. Once, as I have stated, he lived in Paris where the freedom of the mind is guarded like a sacred trust. How could one afterwards live happily in Moscow where even the creative mind is chained to political policy?

A bright and attractive woman sat between us as interpreter and we began a conversation on safe lines. He told me that he had come to London to meet people of the theatre and the ballet but no one asked him about anything except politics. "Everybody here is a politician," he remarked, which was the nearest he descended toward humor.

I told him that we all regretted the worsening of Anglo-Russian relations and asked if he had any suggestions for improving them. "Yes," he said, "your newspapers should cool down. They are too violent. The temperature is too hot."

Strangely enough, that was Hitler's constant complaint after Munich. What is it that makes dictators so sensitive to criticism? Is it that they lose confidence in their own infallibility—like an actor who reads an adverse notice of himself? The Russian people would never be allowed to read the extracts from the British Press unless the Kremlin wanted it for a purpose. Yet here was Moscow showing the same resentment—or fear—as Hitler's Berlin.



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"What else would you suggest?" I asked.

He said that the West should have accepted Pandet Nehru's plan to end the fighting in Korea and substitute Communist China for Chiang-Kai-shek on the Security Council of the United Nations. There was nothing surprising in that. Few things would suit the Kremlin better than to achieve a diplomatic victory in Asia and to call off the hot war in Korea until such time as it was convenient to turn on the heat again.

"But have you nothing to suggest that would be on a bigger scale and give real hope to the world?"

When the woman had translated this to him Ehrenburg's face suddenly lost its animation. His eyes lit up and his hands clinched with some queer suppressed emotion. It hardly needed the interpreter for me to understand the passion of his words:

"Yes! Yes! The nations should ban the atomic bomb. Ban it! It terrifies the children so that they cannot sleep. It is barbaric, terrible. Now we should do it. End the terror of the atomic bomb!"

A few hours before in the lobby of the House of Commons Churchill had said to half a dozen of us: "Nothing stands between us and defeat but the atomic bomb. Our military situation is worse than in 1939. I never doubted in 1940 that we would win the Battle of Britain, but now there is only the bomb that stands between us and destruction by Russia. It is shameful but it is true."

But why was Ehrenburg so excited? Had he been caught off guard? Could it be that at heart he is a civilized man whose conscience is outraged at this scientific horror?

Rightly or wrongly I suspected that Ehrenburg had revealed something of great importance. I have no more knowledge of Russia's preparations than any other reasonably informed man, but I had a sudden feeling that Russia does not possess the atomic bomb, or if she does it is imperfect and in short supply. At any rate if I had been a judge, and Ehrenburg had been giving evidence in the box, that is the deduction that I would have drawn.

Our conversation ambled to its close and we actually did discuss the theatre, but at the end I could not suppress a question which I was afraid might give him unnecessary embarrassment.

"As a man of letters," I said, "how would you like to live again in a country where, if you feel like it, you can say that the prime minister is a damned fool?"

He thought carefully for a moment and then answered: "Our political systems are different. We do not want you to alter yours, you should not want us to alter ours. But why must you always concentrate upon what you dislike in Russia? Why not come and see the good things that we are doing?"

"When can I come?"

He looked somewhat startled and then his eyes resumed their weary look once more. "As a critic of the theatre," he said, "you would be welcomed any time by the Moscow theatre." An adroit answer, but one that left the Tory M.P. at home.

A cameraman asked if we would pose for a picture, and we did. Something tells me that by this time it is filed away somewhere for reference, for the quality of culture takes many forms. My wife, who had been mingling with the other guests, had been enjoying herself in her own fashion. "Every time I spoke to a Russian from the embassy," she said, "he was immediately joined by another. They work in pairs."

If would be a mistake to place too much importance on a conversation carried on through an interpreter, but the more I think of Ilya Ehrenburg's outburst about the atomic bomb the more I am convinced that Russia lives in a state of fear. Not only do the ruins of Hiroshima and Nagasaki haunt the dreams of the men in the Kremlin but there is the vast oil empire of the Allies and their stupendous steel output.

How can Russia hope for victory against such a combination even if she turns Western Europe into a desert of destruction? I agree that an animal that is frightened can be more dangerous than one which is only hungry. But there is still room for diplomacy to manoeuvre. ★



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Exp

Backstage at Ottawa

Continued from page 4

unity and co-operation than some of the public meetings we've had in the past."

* * *

That's the bright side. There is also a darker side—even the optimists don't go so far as to predict with assurance that this week's session will end in complete success.

"Last January we were paddling through a calm stretch with lovely scenery," one delegate said. "This time we've got into the white water; there are a lot of rocks ahead and so far we haven't passed any of the big ones." What did they do when they saw a rock ahead?

"We paddled into an eddy."

Biggest rock, of course, is the "property and civil rights" clause—subsection 13 of section 92, the section defining provincial jurisdiction.

Quebec and Ontario, the big wealthy provinces, have always regarded "property and civil rights" as an entrenched

with a partial agreement (as now, with eight provinces in, Quebec and Ontario out) two important objectives are secured. Poor provinces do get adequate help and Ottawa does achieve effective control of the important tax fields.

Four years ago the excuse for evading campaign pledges for social security was that "the provinces won't agree to our tax proposals." The theory was that Ottawa could assume these vast burdens of pensions, insurance, and public investment only if it had a free hand in the tax structure. Taxation was to be a weapon of economic policy, not just a money-raiser, and Ottawa's plans must not be distorted by provincial levies on personal or corporation income.

In practice, Ottawa has been able to run the tax show anyway. No province has imposed an income tax; corporation tax varies by only 2%. This was true in spite of the fact that taxes were cut sharply and repeatedly during the four-year period; that's not likely to happen again for a long time.

Evidently there isn't much real danger of provincial taxes gumming up Ottawa's fiscal policy. By the same token there isn't much danger to provincial rights in taking federal money—the effect is the same even when you turn it down. All Ontario and Quebec have clearly accomplished up to now, by staying out of the tax agreement, is to save Ottawa a large bundle of money.

It looks as if Ontario, at least, is tired of this—Premier Leslie Frost is expected to sign whatever new agreement is hammered out in October. Quebec is an enigma, as usual; Premier Duplessis does not advertise his intentions in these matters. But it would not be surprising if he, too, decided that federal money doesn't smell as high as he used to think.

* * *

Even a Gallup Poll couldn't tell with any precision, but it would be interesting to know whether the Government gained or lost ground with its handling of the railway strike. Even among Liberals there is some argument about this.

Some, including some cabinet ministers, felt at the outset that a stronger line should have been taken to head off the strike. After all, the margin of disagreement at the end was absurdly small. The railways offered a four-cent increase; the unions would settle for five cents. The railways offered the 40-hour week by October, 1951, the unions were willing to wait until September. It's likely that if Ottawa had come along at the last minute to knock their heads together they'd have compromised.

The cabinet decided not to do it and its reasons sounded pretty logical. That's what cabinet had done in 1948, stepped in and imposed a settlement, and many people now feel this was a mistake. This time the Government was determined to avoid being jockeyed into the role of arbitrator.

Also, in a queer way, a railway strike was welcomed as a test of strength, not between companies and unions but between the railway industry and the public. For years unions and employers alike had bargained with the comfortable feeling that a strike, if it did come, would be a national disaster. Between them they held a gun at the head of the nation.

It was time, the Government felt, to find out if the gun was loaded. As one minister remarked, "We can get on without these people a lot more easily than they think we can." Not for long, it's true, but for long enough to cut the whole issue down to size. ★

NEXT ISSUE

The Story of Lera Horne

This famous Negro cafe singer started in the back streets of Brooklyn and now makes nearly \$400,000 a year. How? You get taken backstage in Toronto's Prince George Hotel to find out.

IN OCT. 15 ISSUE

On Sale Oct. 11

clause. To them it is the very corner stone of provincial rights.

Poor provinces, on the other hand, have often found this so-called "right" an intolerable burden. That's the clause that prevented Ottawa from passing a marketing act in the 1930's—the obstacle, in fact, to most legislation intended to combat depressions.

It's certain that Quebec, and probably Ontario too, will fight to get property and civil rights into the "entrenched" category, to be tampered with by unanimous agreement only. It's equally certain that weaker provinces will fight to keep it out—they don't want the big fellows of central Canada to have a veto over amendments to this vital section. On that rock alone the conference might founder.

On another point Ottawa is on one side and all 10 provinces on the other. This is the question of Ottawa's right to disallow provincial legislation. All provinces would like to abolish that right; Ottawa is most unlikely to let them.

There are other disagreements too, and they are not trivial; it will take a lot of doing to resolve them. But at least, this time, all parties to the deal seem to want to resolve them—and that alone is more than half the battle.

* * *

It remains to be seen if the same good will can be mustered at the other federal-provincial conference this fall—the one on tax allocation, scheduled for October. However, Ottawa isn't as desperately anxious for universal agreement on taxes as it was in 1945.

Experience has shown that even



The home of
Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Spooner,
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MAILBAG

The Bible Also Has a Marriage Formula

Part of your article, "Frank Formula for a Happy Marriage" (Aug. 15) is nothing but tripe. It advocates union at any time, even during menstruation or pregnancy. It even further states that it is to be demanded after a quarrel.

Is the (Roman Catholic) Church trying to make men more brutes than they usually are?

As for union being a peacemaker, tommy rot! An angry woman is not going to take very peacefully being told that she is going to have to give in to her husband.

I do agree that a woman should be given a personal allowance to do with as she pleases. No woman who is combination housekeeper, nursemaid, washerwoman, and who, if she lives on a farm, acts as an extra hand, wants to pretty please her husband for a few dollars for something she wants. It may make the husband feel very superior but the wife feels more like committing mayhem.—Mrs. C. Reid, Amherst, N.S.

• Apparently the Canadian experts in religion who helped to compile the 378-page course for married couples are not familiar with instructions contained in the first book ever to deal with the subject—the Bible. I would pass on this one verse of scripture, Ephesians 5:33: "Nevertheless let every one of you in particular so love his wife even as himself; and the wife see that she reverence her husband."—I. Block, Regina, Sask.

• This nauseating advice simply turns the sanctity of a home into a brothel of iniquitous licentiousness, especially when advocated by the unquestioned authority of the Roman Catholic Church!... I have nothing but disgust for you!—W. E. G. Crisford, Victoria, B.C.

• I have always been of the opinion that there should be such a course, but never knew there was one until now.—A. R. P., North Sydney, N.S.

• Your plea for the husband to be as gentle and as patient as possible is one that can never be stressed too much or too often. Probably gentleness and patience are all any of us need in our relations with one another, but where are they being taught or stressed or practiced sufficiently?—C. E. L., Chilliwack.

Battling Carmania

I read with much interest James Dugan's Story of Cunard ("They Wouldn't Hire Noah Himself") in your issue of Aug. 15. It is important to remind our people of what Canada owes to its pioneer steamships. I am taking the liberty of calling your attention to the fact that the fighting merchant cruiser which sunk the Cap Trafalgar was the Carmania. A minor correction would be that there is no evidence that the Cap Trafalgar was a new fighting name as the vessel had been operating under that name before the outbreak of the war.—Guy Tombs, Montreal.

Slaughterhouse

On the editorial page of Maclean's Aug. 15 you laud the attitude of Los Angeles motorists toward pedestrians. Truly, "a little knowledge is a dangerous thing." The reporting editor knows little of the traffic nightmare in downtown Los Angeles, where the average



motorist shows not the slightest regard for pedestrians...

The wail of the ambulance siren is heard every 10 or 15 minutes. Pedestrians are killed every day and the slaughter of newsmen is particularly high. Actually, as one local newspaper reported, "The only time a pedestrian has the right-of-way in Los Angeles is when he is in the ambulance on his way to hospital."—A. Fraser Reid, Ocean Park, B. C.

Splendid Buckler

My impulses have prevailed and I am writing to congratulate you for printing that splendid story, "The Clumsy One" (Aug. 1). It was so very human and depicted those brothers so well that we could see their inmost souls. Please give us some more from Ernest Buckler.—Charlotte Carswell, Glen Morris, Ont.

Questions Blatz Theory

"Frustration is Good for Kids" provided an arresting title for your article of June 15 about Dr. W. E. Blatz. But how can Dr. Blatz claim that love is not necessary in a child's life and that only consistency counts? Does love rule out consistency? Surely there is such a thing as wise consistent love.

Furthermore the theory that natural consequences will satisfactorily regulate behavior seems to me to be rather flimsy—particularly when applied to adult behavior. Why should we raise children on a selfish theory of self-interest and preservation? Consideration for others would seem to be a far more worthy motive. Marion A. McKechnie, Cobourg, Ont.

Three Toppers

Just a word of appreciation of your articles in Aug. 1 issue, viz.—"Royal Family of the Seas," "Honeymoon at the Falls," and "The Day You Meet Your Skunk." They are tops.—Percy C. Smith, Toronto.



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ANNIE GET YOUR GUN: A zestful screen version of Irving Berlin's wild-west musical. Betty Hutton, as the queen of the sharpshooters, goes after the audience tooth-and-claw, but her over-ebullience doesn't spoil the picture.

THE BLUE LAMP (British): An affectionate close-up of the gunless (but not gutless) London bobby, who confronts lawbreakers and begonia-raising with equal fortitude and humor. Enjoyable stuff.

THE FURIES: The lamented Walter Huston's formidable talents are wasted in a stereotyped role as a ripsnorting ranch dictator. Barbara Stanwyck, as his hellcat daughter, is similarly hogtied.

THE GLASS MOUNTAIN (British): Illicit romance and heavy symbolism in the Alps. Baritone Tito Gobbi succeeds in making some third-rate music sound almost second-rate.

A LADY WITHOUT PASSPORT: Hedy Lamarr's serene poker face implausibly represents a tormented wanderer from Vienna who joins other aliens being smuggled into the U.S. John Hodiak is the immigration sleuth who instantly adores her.

LOUISA: A coy, tiresome little domestic comedy featuring Spring Byington as a frisky grandma, with grocer Edmund Gwenn and tycoon Charles Coburn battling noisily for her favors.

LOVE HAPPY: Except for a couple of robust scenes involving Harpo, this perfunctory comeback by the Marx Brothers

is a sorry counterfeit of the fine comic currency they were issuing 15 years ago.

MYSTERY STREET: Despite its prosaic title and an absence of big names in the cast, this is an honest and fascinating crime-detection drama. One of the best.

SHADOW ON THE WALL: As a little girl who goes balmy after watching her mother get murdered, Gigi Perreau gives a moving, graphic performance. Some of her elders are less persuasive.

STELLA: At its best, this screwball farce approaches the irreverent daftness of "Arsenic and Old Lace." At its worst, merely another routine comedy-romance. With Ann Sheridan, Victor Mature, David Wayne.

SUNSET BOULEVARD: The ageless Gloria Swanson as a silent-screen empress who destroys her "kept man" as well as herself in an effort to recover her vanished glory. A superb satiric tragedy, not for the kiddies.

WHERE THE SIDEWALK ENDS: Dana Andrews plays a hoodlum-hating detective who accidentally kills a man. A slick, tricky police drama, featuring Gary Merrill as a thoroughly convincing racketeer.

WINCHESTER '73: A superior western in which two brothers (James Stewart and Stephen McNally) grapple for possession of a fabulously accurate rifle. Shelley Winters tags along as a highly accessible showgirl.

GILMOUR RATES—

All the King's Men: Drama. Excellent.
Asphalt Jungle: Crime. Excellent.
Big Hangover: Legal comedy. Fair.
Big Lift: Berlin drama. Fair.
Bright Leaf: Tobacco drama. Fair.
Broken Arrow: 'Injun' drama. Good.
Cariboo Trail: Western. Poor.
Chain Lightning: Air action. Fair.
Cheaper by the Dozen: Comedy. Fair.
Chiltern Hundreds: Comedy. Good.
Cinderella: Fantasy. Excellent.
City Lights (re-issue): Comedy. Taps.
Comanche Territory: Western. Good.
Curtain Call at Cactus Creek: Western show-business comedy. Good.
D.O.A.: Detective drama. Fair.
Duchess of Idaho: Musical. Fair.
Father of the Bride: Comedy. Good.
Francis: Military farce. Fair.
Golden Twenties: Historical. Good.
Good Humor Man: Slapstick. Fair.
Great Jewel Robbery: Crime. Fair.
Great Rupert: Family comedy. Poor.
Guilty of Treason: Drama. Fair.
Gunfighter: Western. Fair.
Hasty Heart: Tragi-comedy. Good.
Holiday Affair: Romance. Fair.
In a Lonely Place: Suspense. Fair.
Intruder in the Dust: Drama. Good.
Jackie Robinson Story: Baseball. Fair.
Johnny Holiday: Boy drama. Fair.
Key to the City: Love-comedy. Fair.
Kill the Umpire: Baseball farce. Poor.
Kind Hearts and Coronets: Comedy and murders. Excellent for adults.
Lost Boundaries: Racial drama. Good.
Love That Brute: Gang comedy. Poor.
Man on Eiffel Tower: Suspense. Fair.
Miss Grant Takes Richmond: Comedy-romance. Fair.

Morning Departure: Sea drama. Fair.
Mother Didn't Tell Me: Comedy. Poor.
My Foolish Heart: Romance. Fair.
My Friend Irma Goes West: Ranch slapstick musical. Fair.
Night and the City: Crime drama. Good.
No Sad Songs For Me: Drama. Fair.
Our Very Own: Family drama. Fair.
Outriders: Wagon-trail western. Fair.
Peggy: Adolescent comedy. Poor.
Perfect Strangers: Romance. Fair.
Prelude to Fame: Music drama. Good.
Reformer and Redhead: Comedy. Fair.
Riding High: Turf comedy. Good.
Rocketship XM: Space drama. Fair.
Rocking Horse Winner: Tragedy. Fair.
Secret Fury: Suspense. Poor.
Sheriff's Daughter: Comedy. Good.
(Also called "A Ticket to Tomahawk.")
Skipper Surprised His Wife: Domestic comedy. Fair.
Spy Hunt: Espionage. Fair.
Stage Fright: Comic suspense. Good.
Stars in My Crown: Old west. Fair.
State Dep't. File 649: Drama. Fair.
Stromboli: Italian drama. Poor.
Sundowners: Western. Fair.
Third Man: Vienna drama. Good.
Tight Little Island: Comedy. Taps.
Three Came Home: Prison-camp drama. Good.
Twelve O'Clock High: Air war. Taps.
Under My Skin: Turf drama. Fair.
Wabash Avenue: Musical. Fair.
Wagonmaster: Western. Good.
When Willie Comes Marching Home: Military comedy. Excellent.
White Tower: Alpine thriller. Fair.
Woman in Hiding: Suspense. Fair.
Woman of Distinction: Comedy. Fair.
Woman on Pier 13: Spy drama. Fair.
Yellow Cab Man: Slapstick. Fair.
Young Lovers: Polio drama. Fair.
Young Man With a Horn: Musical. Fair.

JASPER

WIT AND WISDOM

Whisky Wiles—Their cars having collided, Jock and Pat were surveying the situation. Jock offered Pat a drink. Pat drank and Jock returned the bottle to his pocket.

Pat: Aren't you going to have a drink yourself?

Jock: Not until the police have been here.—*Niagara Falls Review*.

Second Try—On going into the cowshed the farmer discovered his cow hand, a city girl, giving one of the cows a drink from her milking pail.

"What are ye doin' that for?" he demanded.

"Well," explained the girl, "the milk seemed pretty thin to me so I thought I'd better put it through her once more."—*Macklin (Sask.) Times*.

Life With Father—Two little girls walking home from Sunday school were discussing the Bible story they had heard.

"Do you believe there is a devil?" one asked the other nervously.

"Oh, no!" answered the other with conviction. "It's like Santa Claus; it's your father."—*Flin Flon Daily Miner*.

Advance Under Cover—Those smaller English cars are now being made the subject of jokes and wisecracks after the manner connected with the Ford some years ago; and if it is as good advertising there will be no objection. The latest one is about a man seeing a license plate coming down the road only to find that behind it was one of those new English models.—*Port Arthur News Chronicle*.

Gentle Letdown—Politeness is like a parachute. There's nothing much in it, but it eases the jolt.—*Edmonton Journal*.

Conjugality Conjugated—A good woman inspires a man; a brilliant one interests him; a beautiful one fascinates him; a sympathetic one gets him.—*Niagara Falls Review*.

For Sale Cheap, Pink Layette—A Belgian physician says he can tell the sex of a child before birth. We knew an elderly doctor who said that every baby would be a girl; if it was, he was right, and if it wasn't he never had a complaint from the parents. This is hard on the female sex, but it is true.—*Calgary Herald*.

JASPER

By Simpkins



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PARADE

THE GRIN AND BARE IT SECTION

AT THE annual meeting of the All Indian Association on the reservation of the Bloods, near Cardston, Alta., this summer, there was considerable criticism of the way Indian treaty rights were being curtailed in trapping, hunting and fishing. A speaker explained that the increasing government restrictions were designed as conservation measures, but one baffled young hunter wasn't satisfied.

"How can I tell, when I sight a deer at 200 yards through the bush,

on a second pot on the tray, "I think you have been drinking the gravy for your roast beef sandwiches. If the gravy is too salty," he added with a grin, "I'll get you some more."

• • •

A tolerant Saskatoon wife, who has a few peculiar housekeeping foibles of her own, was only mildly surprised to see a woman whose home she happened to be passing rush out on the lawn with her vacuum cleaner. Opening the dust container the woman proceeded to dump it all over the lawn so that the breeze seized the dirt and blew it everywhere. Then as she caught the curious stare of the passerby she smiled nonchalantly and called, "Got too near the stove and picked up a live coal!"

• • •

A Nova Scotian who took a summer trip across Newfoundland by rail tells of spotting a passing lake that made him itch to get out his rod and reel. "Bet there's a lot of fish in that pond," he exclaimed to a Newfoundlanders, sitting across the aisle. "No darn fish in there," came the disgusted reply. "It's full of trout."

• • •

There's a large family in Noranda, Que., that gets along happily enough, but domestic relations have been a bit strained ever since one of the clan's two pretty teen-age daughters



whether it is a buck or a doe, to know whether I can shoot it or not?" he demanded.

At this an aged tribesman cocked an eyebrow and declared, "Son, you'd best whistle. If it's a female she'll raise her head."

• • •

A Vancouver correspondent in the Press gallery at Ottawa recently dropped into the Chateau Laurier for a chat with a visiting fireman from the West Coast. They ordered some food from room service but eating remained secondary to talking until the visitor was halfway through his coffee, when he stopped, looked at his cup and complained, "Isn't this coffee awfully salty?" The gallery man sipped his own coffee, agreed, then took another taste and declared, "Say—they've sent us bouillon instead of coffee. The idea!" He promptly grabbed the phone to bellow his outrage in the ear of the proper authorities.

In a whisk a waiter appeared, sipped the coffee, frowned, then picked up the pot on the tray and sniffed it. "The coffee smells all right gentlemen, but—" he pounced



treated the rest to a dessert which, it turned out later, had been whipped up with eggs the other teen-ager had previously used in giving herself an egg facial.

• • •

Don't let them tell you the pioneer days are dead. Look at the fellow who advertised in a Vancouver paper: "Anyone wanting trip to Lethbridge, Alta., in exchange for feeding and watering horse en route, phone 68F, Cumberland, B.C."

Parade pays \$5 to \$10 for true, humorous anecdotes reflecting the current Canadian scene. No contributions can be returned. Address Parade, c/o Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto.

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